



CAMPBELL'S

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### JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

Judith, chapter xiii. from verse 2d to 8th, inclusive.

"AND Judith was left alone in the tent, and Holofernes lying along upon his bed; for he was filled with wine.

"Now Judith had commanded her maid to stand without her bed-chamber, and to wait for her coming forth as she did daily: for she said she would go forth to her prayers, and she spake to Bagoas according to the same purpose.

"So all went forth, and none was left in the bed-chamber, neither little nor great. Then Ju-

dith, standing by his bed, said in her heart, O Lord God of all power, look at this present upon the works of my hands for the exaltation of Jerusalem. For now is the time to help thine inheritance, and to execute mine enterprises to the destruction of the enemies which are risen up against us.

"Then she came to the pillar of the bed which was at Holofernes's head, and took down his falchion from thence, and approached to his bed, and took hold of the hair of his head, and said, Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day. And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him."

### SIR CHARLES BELL'S ESSAYS ON EXPRESSION.

From the British and Foreign Review.

*The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as connected with the Fine Arts.* By the late Sir CHARLES BELL. Third edition, enlarged. London: Murray, 1844.

THESE Essays have long been prized by those who are so fortunate as to possess even the former editions of them, as one of the most valuable contributions of English literature to the arts, and one of the most pleasing volumes of an English library. We gladly therefore announce their re-appearance in an entirely new form, re-written, rather than revised, and with such copious additions, especially with reference to the

higher branches of the subject, that they must be considered as a new work. They formed, indeed, the earliest and latest object of their lamented author's tasteful solicitude. They were originally composed, chiefly perhaps with reference to the very striking designs of his own ingenious pencil, before the serious pursuits of life began, and before his subsequent experience and reflection had given him the key to those phenomena which in art he illustrated, and explained in science. The first edition of the work appeared nearly forty years ago, in 1806, when Sir Charles Bell left Edinburgh to fix his professional residence in London. During the most active years of a life which was unceasingly devoted to the arduous duties of the medical profession, and to the promotion of the highest branches of medical

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science, the revisal and illustration of this volume was his habitual recreation. In 1824 a second edition was produced, with considerable additions; but from that time Sir Charles Bell resisted the demand of the public for a farther issue of this book, until he should have had an opportunity of verifying his principles of criticism in art, by the study of the greatest works of the Italian masters. With this especial object, he visited the continent in 1840; a brief but extensive excursion enabled him to refresh and to corroborate those impressions and convictions which had been the delight and the study of his life; and upon his return he recomposed the whole work for a third edition. Materials were collected in abundance, and for the most part they had been already adapted to the purposes and subjects of these Essays. The text had already been prepared for the press; and the care of the editor appears to have surmounted most of the disadvantages inseparable from posthumous publication. Some of the more fugitive notes from the author's journals have been subjoined, which record with the rapid grace of an artist's pencil the vivid pleasures of an Italian journey to a man endowed with so simple a love of nature, and so cultivated a comprehension of art. These remarks bear with singular originality and acuteness on the style and the works of the great masters: and if they sometimes wear the shape of a sudden conception, rather than of mature thought, they are not the less characteristic of that ingenuity and enthusiasm which Sir Charles Bell carried as far in the practice of the fine arts as in the more profound researches of science. It deserves, indeed, to be recorded that his early studies on the subject of expression in painting, and his observation of the effects of passion and emotion on the face and frame of man, first engaged this eminent surgeon in those investigations of the nature of the nerves and of their influence on the muscles, which led to his important discoveries in the nervous system; still, as he advanced in the demonstration of those truths which he detected in the animal economy, he derived from his more extended knowledge of the physiology of man, a more complete theory of art and a more solid foundation for those principles of criticism, which no one had before applied with equal precision to the productions of the great artists. Thus he tended, by a noble sympathy between his habitual and favorite pursuits, at once to increase the sphere of

knowledge and to perfect the truth of art; whilst either gift was used alike to simplify our understanding of the works of the Creator, and to raise our conceptions of natural beauty.

It has sometimes been asserted that the pursuits and practices of the medical profession tend to deaden sensibility, and to bring the loftiest and noblest powers of the human mind into too close a subjection to the conclusions of material science. The philosophy of Broussais and the heartlessness of Roux or Dupuytren, may have given a color to such imputations; but a host of names crowd upon the memory from the records of all nations, and from none more than our own, to repel the charge. The proper function of medical science in its highest sense, is not to degrade the spiritual inmate of the human frame to the level of the machinery so admirably adapted to his service, but rather to pursue through the intricacies of contrivance the purposes of life, to acknowledge the energy of being in those functions to which it imparts activity, and to trace in the mysterious sympathies and expressions of the body the higher laws of that vital power which the body obeys. To such objects as these no man ever aspired more constantly, and we will add, more devoutly, than Sir Charles Bell. His sensibility was of the most delicate kind; and his mind seemed to turn with predilection from the distressing studies of pathology to the observation of the phenomena of health. It is related of him, that in the course of his great discoveries in the nervous system, which it was absolutely necessary to carry on upon a living animal, he was arrested on the very verge of demonstration by a degree of compassion for an ass, which he could not surmount; and he declared that he had rather abandon the discovery on which his fame was to rest, than put that animal to torture. An abler hand, however, in a contemporary journal, has traced the course of his professional life and his scientific discoveries, and we are most happy to perceive that the services rendered by Sir Charles Bell to the course of science have since been acknowledged by a pension to his widow, out of that most inadequate fund which the parsimony of Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, for the reward, or rather the bare recognition, of the most important benefits which can be rendered to the nation and to humanity. The appearance of the volume before us suggests a different view of the pur-



suits of its distinguished author, and to that we shall exclusively confine ourselves.

Sir Charles Bell presents, we believe, a solitary instance of an extraordinary proficiency in medical science, amounting even to the genius of discovery, combined with a cultivated and profound acquaintance with the principles and practice of art. If, on the one hand, his name has been placed by a high authority in medical criticism by the side of that of Harvey, and if his investigations of the nervous system are the greatest additions to animal physiology which have been made since the discovery of the circulation of the blood; on the other hand, we venture to affirm that, as a manual to the young artist, or as a canon of sound criticism to the general reader, these Essays deserve to find a place by the side of the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It does not, indeed, necessarily follow that a knowledge of anatomy must extend the sphere, or improve the productions of the arts. The Greeks, whose studies of the human frame were confined to the observations of the external muscles, exceeded in their statues all the performances of more scientific artists. But there is a point at which the observation of nature, the truths of science, and the perfection of art, seem to meet. Under various forms and accidents the same thought is expressed—the same emotion conveyed; the mind acts visibly; the sympathy of the spectator is excited; in a word, the idea assumes its form. That it is so, no one has ever doubted, and all criticism and precept has recommended the study of expression to the artist, as the beginning and the end of that language which he lends to life. But expression in the fine arts, as it is commonly understood, is the mere imitation of the natural phenomena which accompany emotion: Sir Charles Bell for the first time analyzed and explained the causes of these phenomena; he has shown what the physical effects of the emotions of the mind really are, and how they act upon the organs of life; he has brought us within another circle of these concentric laws which include the creation—a circle nearer to the centre of life and truth. In a word, in exploring the most hidden cells of our physical structure, he has brought to light truths to which the proper name of philosophy pre-eminently belongs. In other forms, the records of these discoveries will invite the scrutiny of the man of science; but in this volume, they may be studied in their application, without a trace of the re-

pulsive associations of medical literature, and with all the charm they derive from a graceful pencil and an original pen.

The following extract contains the fundamental principle on which these speculations rest:—

“ We have learned enough to know that the impressions communicated by the external organs of sense belong really to the mind; and there can be no doubt that there is a mutual influence exercised by the mind and frame on each other. This is not asserted on the mere grounds that each affection which is deeply felt, is accompanied by a disturbance in our breast; nor on the language of mankind, which gives universal assent to this proposition; but it may be proved by circumstances of expression, in which we cannot be deceived. I shall make it manifest that what the eye, the ear, or the finger, is to the mind, as exciting those ideas which have been appointed to correspond with the qualities of the material world, the organs of the breast are to the development of our affections; and that without them we might see, hear and smell, but we should walk the earth coldly indifferent to all emotions which may be said in an especial manner to animate us, and give interest and grace to human thoughts and actions.

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“ The heart has an appropriate sensibility, by which it is held united in the closest connection and sympathy with the other vital organs; so that it participates in all the changes of the general system of the body.

“ But connected with the heart, and depending on its peculiar and excessive sensibility, there is an extensive apparatus which demands our attention. This is the organ of breathing: a part known obviously as the instrument of speech; but which I shall show to be more. The organ of breathing, in its association with the heart, is the instrument of expression, and is the part of the frame, by the action of which the emotions are developed and made visible to us. Certain strong feelings of the mind produce a disturbed condition of the heart; and through that corporeal influence, directly from the heart, indirectly from the mind, the extensive apparatus constituting the organ of breathing is put in motion, and gives us the outward signs which we call expression. The man was wrong who found fault with nature for not placing a window before the heart, in order to render visible human thoughts and intentions. There is, in truth, provision made in the countenance and outward bearing for such discoveries.\*

\* This observation appears to have been borrowed by Sir C. Bell from a small treatise by the French physician La Chambre, entitled ‘*l’Art de connaître l’homme*.’ The passage may be found quoted by Lavater, in the first volume of his ‘*Essays on Physiognomy*,’ p. 56. Most of the principal authorities on the science are collected in the same place. The passage from Haller’s

"One, ignorant of the grounds on which these opinions are founded, has said, 'Every strong emotion is directed towards the heart: the heart experiences various kinds of sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, over which it has no control; and from thence the agitated spirits are diffused over the body.' The fact is certainly so, although the language be figurative. How are these spirits diffused, and what are their effects?"

"We find that the influence of the heart upon the extended organ of respiration has sway at so early a period of our existence, that we must acknowledge that the operation or play of the instrument of expression precedes the mental emotions with which they are to be joined, accompanies them in their first dawn, strengthens them, and directs them. So that it is not, perhaps, too much to conclude that, from these organs moving in sympathy with the mind, the same uniformity is produced among men, in their internal feelings, emotions, or passions, as there exists in their ideas of external nature from the uniform operations of the organs of sense.

"Let us place examples before us, and then try whether the received doctrines of the passions will furnish us with an explanation of the phenomena, or whether we must go deeper, and seek the assistance of anatomy.

"In the expression of the passions, there is a compound influence in operation. Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. We can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eyebrows elevated to the utmost, and the eye largely uncovered; or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his eyes are rapidly and wildly in search of something. In this, we only perceive the intent application of his mind to the object of his apprehensions—its direct influence on the outward organ. But observe him further: there is a spasm on his breast, he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulders are in action, his breathing is short and rapid, there is a gasping and a convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheek, a gulping and catching of his throat; and why does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation?—for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

'Elementa Physiologiæ,' tom. v. p. 590, is well worthy of notice, for it contains a careful investigation of the effects of passion on the countenance. Lavater himself applies the term *physiognomy* to the science of the features in a state of repose; and he calls the science of expression *pathognomy*, as it concerns the features under the influence of passion. But all these writers treated of the movements or form of the features as if they were directly affected by the disposition or emotions of the mind. Sir Charles Bell was the first physiologist who showed that the affections of the mind first acted upon the heart, and that, by means of the respiratory nerves, they then produced a certain re-action, which we call expression, in the countenance

"So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena, we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of the frame, the body is no more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines, and the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh?—why are the neck and throat convulsed?—what causes the swelling and quivering of the lips, and the deadly paleness of the face?—or why is the hand so pale and earthy cold?—and why, at intervals, as the agony returns, does the convulsion spread over the frame like a paroxysm of suffocation?"

"It must, I think, be acknowledged, when we come to arrange these phenomena, these outward signs of the passions, that they cannot proceed from the direct influence of the mind alone. However strange it may sound to unaccustomed ears, it is to the heart and lungs, and all the extended instrument of breathing, that we are to trace these effects.

"Over such motions of the body the mind has an unequal control. By a strong effort the outward tokens may be restrained, at least in regard to the general bearing of the body; but who, while suffering, can retain the natural fulness of his features, or the healthful color of his cheek, the unembarrassed respiration and clearness of the natural voice? The villain may command his voice, and mask his purpose with light and libertine words, or carry an habitual sneer of contempt of all softer passions; but his unnatural paleness, and the sinking of his features, will betray that he suffers. Clarence says to his murderers,

"How deadly dost thou speak!  
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?"

"But the just feelings of mankind demand respect; men will not have the violence of grief obtruded on them. To preserve the dignity of his character, the actor must permit those uncontrollable signs of suffering alone to escape, which betray how much he feels, and how much he restrains.

"Even while asleep, these interior organs of feeling will prevail, and disclose the source of expression. Has my reader seen Mrs. Siddons in Queen Katherine during that solemn scene where the sad note was played which she named her knell? Who taught the crowd sitting at a play, an audience differing in age, habits and education, to believe those quivering motions, and that gentle smile, and those slight convulsive twitchings to be true to nature? To see every one hushed to the softest breathing of sympathy with the silent expression of the actress, exhibits all mankind held together by one universal feeling: and that feeling, excited by expression, so deeply laid in our nature, as to have influence, without being obvious to reason."



This universal meaning of expression which, as the author elsewhere observes, is to passion and the emotions of the heart what language is to thought and the operations of the mind, is connatural with man. It precedes the first inarticulate sounds of infancy; it hovers over the closing scenes of decay and death. It speaks when speech is silent. It is the common utterance of the white man and the black, of the bondsman and the free, of savage and of civilized life. Artificial manners may mask or constraint degrade it; but they cannot obliterate it, though for its highest development it requires a life of liberty, cultivation and truth. It even creates a tie of sympathy between man and the higher animals; for in all alike the upturned eye has supplication in it, the quivering muscles are relaxed by grief, the frame is knit and the teeth set by rage. It gives to instinct the eloquence of intelligence; but it rises in man alone to the highest pitch of delicacy and variety,—to laughter and to tears,—and gradually declines as it descends the vast ladder of animated life, where it occurs as the invariable exponent of the vital powers. Such observations as these have been developed with the greatest felicity in these Essays. We select the example of the eye:—

“We have said that the eye indicates the holier emotions. In all stages of society, and in every clime, the posture and expression of reverence have been the same. The works of the great masters, who have represented the more sublime passions of man, may be adduced as evidences: by the upturned direction of the eyes, and a correspondence of feature and attitude, they address us in language intelligible to all mankind. The humble posture and raised eyes are natural, whether in the darkened chamber or under the open vault of heaven.

“On first consideration, it seems merely consistent, that when pious thoughts prevail, man should turn his eyes from things earthly to the purer objects above. But there is a reason for this, which is every way worthy of attention. When subject to particular influences, the natural position of the eyeball is to be directed upwards. In sleep, languor and depression, or when affected with strong emotions, the eyes naturally and insensibly roll upwards. The action is not a voluntary one; it is irresistible. Hence, in reverence, in devotion, in agony of mind, in all sentiments of pity, in bodily pain, with fear of death, the eyes assume that position.

“Let us explain by what muscles the eyes are so revolved. There are two sets of muscles which govern the motions of the eyeball.

Four straight muscles, attached at cardinal points, by combining their action, move it in every direction required for vision, and these muscles are subject to the will. When the straight muscles, from weariness or exhaustion, cease to guide the eye, two other muscles operate to roll it upwards under the eyelid: these are the oblique muscles. Accordingly, in sleep, in fainting, in approaching death, when the four voluntary muscles resign their action, and insensibility creeps over the retina, the oblique muscles prevail, and the pupil is revolved, so as to expose only the white of the eye. It is so far consolatory to reflect, that the apparent agony indicated by this direction of the eyes, in fainting or the approach of death, is the effect of encroaching insensibility—of objects impressed on the nerve of vision being no longer perceived.

“We thus see that when wrapt in devotional feelings, and when outward impressions are unheeded, the eyes are raised, by an action neither taught nor acquired. It is by this instinctive motion we are led to bow with humility—to look upwards in prayer, and to regard the visible heavens as the seat of God.

“‘Prayer is the upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.’

“Although the savage does not always distinguish God from the heavens above him, this direction of the eye would appear to be the source of the universal belief that the Supreme Being has His throne above. The idolatrous Negro in praying for rice and yams, or that he may be active and swift, lifts up his eyes to the canopy of the sky. So, in intercourse with God, although we are taught that our globe is ever revolving: though religion inculcates that the Almighty is every where, yet, under the influence of this position of the eye, which is no doubt designed for a purpose,—we seek Him on high. ‘I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.’

“See, then, how this property of our bodily frame has influenced our opinions and belief; our conceptions of the Deity, our religious observances, our poetry and daily habits.”

Even the beard and hair have their appropriate meaning and effect:—

“The stages of man’s life are outwardly characterized. An opinion prevails that the form and lineaments of old age are a consequence of the deterioration of the material of our frame; and that the resemblance so often drawn between an aged man leaning on his staff and a ruin tottering to its fall, is a perfect one. It is not so; the material of the frame is ever the same; years affect it not; but infancy, youth, maturity and old age have their appropriate outward characters. Why should the forehead be bald and the beard luxuriant, if not to mark the latest epoch of man’s life? or what reason can be given for the hair not growing on the chin during the vascular fullness of youth, but that it would be inconsis-

ent with the characters of that time of life to be provided with a beard?

"When these Essays were first written, there was not a beard to be seen in England, unless joined with squalor and neglect: and I had the conviction that this appendage concealed the finest features. Being in Rome, however, during the procession of the Corpus Domini, I saw that the expression was not injured by the beard; but that it added to the dignity and character of years. It was evident that the fine heads by the old masters were copies of what were then seen in nature, though now but rarely. There were beards which nearly equalled that of the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo in length, and which flowed like those in the paintings of Domenichino and Correggio.

"The beard is characteristic of nations. In the East it is honored, and to be shaved is the mark of a slave. A beard of three hands' breadth is a goodly show; but to exceed that requires a life of repose: violent exercise in the field shortens the beard. The Turks have a very poor beard. The Persians have noble beards, and are proud of the distinction. The beard of Futteh Ali Shah, the late king of Persia, reached below his girdle, was full and fine, and remarkable in a nation of beards for having no division in the middle. Such a beard, during the active period of life, shows finely on horseback; being tossed over the shoulders in the wind, and indicating speed. In the natural beard, the hair has a peculiarity depending on the place from which it grows. The hair of the upper lip is more profuse, and even in the oldest man is of a darker hue than that of the under lip; so that falling on the lower part, it can still be distinguished as it mixes with the purer white. Again, the hair descending from the sides of the face attains a greater length than that which comes from the chin; and this is more especially the character of age.

"In the French regiments they set frightful fellows, with axes over their shoulders, to march in front: on their heads is a black bear-skin cap, of the form and dimensions of a drum, and they select men with beards of the same hue, which grow in a bush, the counterpart of that on their heads. But the face, as seen between the two black masses, is more ludicrous than terrible, and has an effect very different from what is intended. A common fellow's beard, like a common fellow's countenance, is coarse.

"Even in the Franciscan and Capuchin monks, the beard has not always the fine character displayed in the works of the old painters. Their models are gone with their times. Something excessive and ideal may be represented by the beard. Michael Angelo has, perhaps, followed Scripture, in the beard of his 'Moses,' which floats below the girdle; and in the fresco of Jeremiah, in the Sistine Chapel. The finest painting of the beard that I have seen is by Correggio, in the Scala of the

Albergo dei Poveri, in Genoa,—a fresco of the Saviour, in the arms of the Almighty, where the beard of the Father flows beautifully. In short, the beard may become, with knowledge and taste, the most characteristic part in a figure.

"*Expression in the Lips and Moustaches.*—Things familiar do not always give rise to their natural association. I was led to attend more particularly to the moustaches as a feature of expression, in meeting a handsome young French soldier, coming up a long ascent in the Côté d'Or, and breathing hard, although with a good humored, innocent expression. His sharp-pointed black moustaches rose and fell with a catamountain look that set me to think on the cause.

"Every one must have observed how the nostrils play in hard breathing. We have seen that there is a muscle which is the principal agent in this action; and it may be felt swelling during inspiration, when the finger is pressed on the upper lip, just under the nostril. It is the *depressor alæ nasi*. The action of this muscle, under the roots of the hairs on the lip, sensibly moves them; and as all passionate excitements influence the respiratory actions, the nostrils and moustaches necessarily participate in the movement in violent passions. Thus, although the hair of the upper lip does conceal the finer modulations of the mouth, as in woman, it adds to the character of the stronger and harsher emotions.

"I continued to think of this in descending the Rhone, in company with some French officers; they were merry with wine, and I saw their moustaches, black, red and white, animated in their songs and laughter; and although with a *farouche* character, these appendages rather added to than concealed expression. We see the pictorial effect in the hilarity of the Dutch boor."

It will already have been perceived from the extracts we have given, that the science of expression as it was understood by Sir Charles Bell, touched the confines of those psychological studies, which demand for their discussion the strictest accuracy of philosophical language and the careful lucidity of logical arrangement. To these abstruse inquiries, however, the peculiar qualifications and pursuits of the author did not lead him. It cannot but be regretted, for the sake of one of the most curious problems of metaphysical science, that Sir Charles Bell's attention does not appear to have been directed to Descartes's Treatise on the Passions, or to the few philosophical writers who have treated the subject, although with scientific attainments very far below his own. We are inclined to suspect that a more close examination of the question would have induced him to modify



his opinion, that "the faculties owe their development as much to the operation of the instruments of expression as to the impressions of the outward senses." Such a doctrine would lead far into the blank labyrinth of secondary causes; it tends to convert into a fallacious original what is in truth a faithful copy or image of the mind. We cannot omit, however, one paragraph which conveys a philosophical reflection in very striking language:—

"Pain is affirmed to be unqualified evil; yet pain is necessary to our existence; at birth it rouses the dormant faculties, and gives us consciousness. To imagine the absence of pain is not only to imagine a new state of being, but a change in the earth, and all upon it. As inhabitant of earth, and as a consequence of the great law of gravitation, the human body must have weight. It must have bones, as columns of support, and levers or the action of its muscles; and this mechanical structure implies a complication and delicacy of texture beyond our conception. For that fine texture a sensibility to pain is destined to be the protection; it is the safeguard of the body; it makes us alive to those injuries which would otherwise destroy us, and warns us to avoid them.

"When, therefore, the philosopher asks why were not our actions performed at the suggestions of pleasure, he imagines man, not consulted as he is, but as if he belonged to a world in which there was neither weight nor pressure, nor any thing injurious,—where there were no dangers to apprehend, no difficulties to overcome, and no call for exertion, resolution or courage. It would, indeed, be a curious speculation to follow out the consequences on the highest qualities of the mind, if we could suppose man thus free from all bodily suffering."

From these topics it is agreeable to turn to the vivid and graceful impressions, snatched alike from nature and from art, in the course of Sir Charles Bell's Italian journey. There is not a higher gratification in life,—and possibly it partakes of the enlarged pleasures of a better existence,—than to pass, prepared for the change, into a region where the visions of the fancy and the abstract truths of the intellect are realized in the most perfect forms of beauty.

As our author crossed France, the southern enthusiasm kindled his artist's nature. He saw men in the novelty of various manners, and the picturesque forms of warmer climates. Sometimes in the common accidents of life, and more frequently in the peculiarities of foreign gesticulation or the ceremonies of the Catholic church, an ob-

servation, which might have escaped a less watchful eye, went to illustrate speculations which originated in very different scenes. A man who should devote his life to pursue and to interpret the language of expression, has at once before him an endless variety in a perpetual identity,—the variety of human nature, the identity of man. To the great artists of Italy, similar scenes and observations furnished the models they so admirably imitated: to the critic in his humbler sphere, they furnish the true key to the appreciation of those works. The following passage will be read with great interest:—

"In the same day I made careful examinations of the anatomical studies of Michael Angelo, in the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence, and I compared them with his noble works in the tombs of the Medici. I observed that he had avoided the error of artists of less genius, who, in showing their learning, deviate from living nature. I recognised the utmost accuracy of anatomy in the great artist's studies; in his pen-and-ink sketches of the knee, for example, every point of bone, muscle, tendon and ligament was marked, and perhaps a little exaggerated. But on surveying the limbs of those fine statues, this peculiarity was not visible; there were none of the details of the anatomy, but only the effects of muscular action, as seen in life, not the muscles. As, perhaps, this is the most important lesson which can be given to the artist, I shall venture to transcribe the notes I made at the time.

"The statue of Lorenzo di Medici, Duca d'Urbino, by Michael Angelo, is in the Capella di Principi, of the church of St. Lorenzo. Under the statue are two figures, one of Twilight, the other of Daybreak. I observed in the male figure, which is of very grand proportions, the clavicle or collar-bone, the head of the humerus, the deltoid and pectoral muscles developed beyond nature, yet singularly true in the anatomy. Such a shoulder was never seen in man, yet so finely is it imagined, that no one part is unduly exaggerated; but all is magnified with so perfect a knowledge, that it is just as a whole, the bone and the muscle corresponding in their proportions. In the same chapel are the statues of Giuliano di Medici, Duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X., with the recumbent figures of Day and Night. It is in these finely conceived figures that we have the proof of Michael Angelo's genius. They may not have the perfect purity and truth that we see in the antique; but there is a magnificence, which belongs to him alone. Here we see the effect of muscular action, without affected display of anatomical knowledge. The back is marvellously fine. The position of the scapula, for example, makes its lower angle throw up the edge of

the latissimus dorsi, for the scapula is forced back upon the spine, in consequence of the position of the arm. Michael Angelo must have carefully studied the anatomy in reference to the changes produced in the living body by the action of its members: the shifting of the scapula, with the consequent rising of the mass of muscles, some in action, some merely pushed into masses, are very finely shown.\*

"Having just come from observing his sketches of the anatomy of the knee-joint, I was curious in my observation of the manner in which he made his knowledge available in the joints of these fine statues; and they gave rise to the following remarks.

"If an artist, with a knowledge of the structure, should look upon the knee in a bent position, he will recognize the different bones and ligaments. But if he look upon it in an extended position of the limb, or during exertion, he will not distinguish the same parts. The contour, the swelling of the integument, and the fulness around the joint are not produced by the forms of the bones, but by the rising up of the parts displaced by the new position of the bones. The fatty cushions which are within and external to the knee-joint, and which serve the purpose of friction-wheels in the play of the bones upon each other, no longer occupy the same relative places; they are protruded from the depth of the cavity to the surface. How well Michael Angelo knew this, these statues of Day and Night evince.

"In these statues, great feeling of art and genius of the highest order have been exhibited; anatomical science, ideal beauty, or rather grandeur, combined. It is often said that Michael Angelo studied the Belvidere Torso, and that he kept it continually in his eye. That fine specimen of ancient art may have been the authority for his grand development of the human muscles; but it did not convey to him the effect which he produced by the throwing out of those magnificent and giant limbs. Here we see the vigor of this sculptor's stroke and the firmness of his touch, as well as his sublime conception of the human figure. We can imagine that he wrought by no measure or mechanical contrivance; that he hewed out the marble as another would cast together his mass of clay in a first sketch. Many of his finest works are left unfinished; it appears that he found the block of marble in some instances too small, and left the design incomplete. For my own part I feel that the finish and smoothness of the marble is hardly consistent with the vigor of Michael Angelo's conceptions; and I should regret to think that such a genius should have wasted an hour in giving softness or polish to the surface.

"Who is there, modern or ancient, that would thus voluntarily encounter all the diffi-

culties of the art and throw the human body into this position, or who could throw the shoulder into this violent distortion, and yet preserve the relations of the parts, of bone and muscle, with such scientific exactness? We have in this great master a proof of the manner in which genius submits to labor, in order to attain perfection. He must have undergone the severe toil of the anatomist to acquire such a power of design, which it was hardly to be supposed could be sufficiently appreciated then or now.

"Without denying the beauty or correctness of the true Grecian productions of the chisel, they ought not to be contrasted with the works of Michael Angelo to his disadvantage. He had a noble conception of the august form of man: to my thinking, superior to anything exhibited in ancient sculpture. Visconti imputes inferiority to Buonarrotti; and, to confirm his views, compares the antique statues restored by him with the limbs and heads which he added. But I can conceive nothing less suited to the genius of the artist than this task of modelling and adjusting a limb in a different position from that which is entire, and yet so as to preserve the proportions and character of the whole. The manner of his working, and the urgency of his genius for an unrestrained field of exertion, unfitted him for that kind of labor, while it is a matter of necessity that a copy shall be inferior to an original.

"What the figures of Night and Morning had to do before the degenerate son of the Medici is another matter. They seem to have been placed there as mere ornaments, and in the luxury of talent, to give the form and posture of the human figure, '*per ornamento e per solo spoggio di giacitura e de' forme.*'

"When in Rome I was impatient until I stood before the statue of Moses, so much had been said of its extraordinary merit, and also so much of its defects. It is a noble figure, with all the energy of Buonarrotti displayed in it. It is not the anatomy alone which constitutes its perfection; but there is the same mind displayed in the attitude, the habiliment, the beard, and all the accompaniments, as in the vigor of the naked shoulders and arms. It is the realization of his high conception of the human figure."

Sir Charles Bell inclines to give to the great sculptors of Italy a preference over the artists even of Greece, probably from the excellence of the former in that kind of powerful expression and character which he himself was best able to appreciate. Yet his criticisms on the 'Laocoon' and the 'Dying Gladiator' are of great value. We can only make room for the latter:—

\* "I might make similar remarks on the statue by John of Bologna,—Januarius sitting, shivering under a shower, in a fountain in the Villa Petraia, near Florence."

"The 'Dying Gladiator' is one of those masterpieces of antiquity which exhibits a knowledge of anatomy and of man's nature. He is not resting; he is not falling; but in the



position of one wounded in the chest, and seeking relief in that anxious and oppressed breathing which attends a mortal wound with loss of blood. He seeks support to his arms, not to rest them or to sustain the body, but to fix them, that their action may be transferred to the chest, and thus assist the laboring respiration. The nature of his sufferings leads to this attitude. In a man expiring from loss of blood, as the vital stream flows, the heart and lungs have the same painful feeling of want, which is produced by obstruction to the breathing. As the blood is draining from him he pants and looks wild, and the chest heaves convulsively. And so the ancient artist has placed this statue in the posture of one who suffers the extremity of difficult respiration. The fixed condition of the shoulders, as he sustains his sinking body, shows that the powerful muscles, common to the ribs and arms, have their action concentrated to the struggling chest. In the same way does a man afflicted with asthma rest his hands or his elbows upon a table, stooping forwards, that the shoulders may become fixed points; the muscles of the arm and shoulder then act as muscles of respiration, and aid in the motion of the chest, during the heaving and anxiety which belong to the disease."

We conclude with a passage which has much of the grandeur of those exalted works by which it appears to have been suggested:—

"There is a link of connection between all liberal professions. The painter may borrow from the physician. He will require something more than his fancy can supply, if he has to represent a priestess or a sybil. It must be the creation of a mind, learned as well as inventive. He may readily conceive a female form full of energy, her imagination at the moment exalted and pregnant, so that things long past are painted in colors as if they stood before her, and her expression becomes bold and poetical. But he will have a more true and precise idea of what is to be depicted, if he reads the history of that melancholia which undoubtedly, in early times, has given the idea of one possessed with a spirit. A young woman is seen constitutionally pale and languid; and from this inanimate state no show of affection or entreaty will draw her into conversation with her family. But how changed is her condition, when instead of the lethargy and fixed countenance, the circulation is suddenly restored, the blood mounts to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkle, while both in mind and body she manifests an unwonted energy, and her whole frame is animated. During the continuance of the paroxysm, she delivers herself with a force of thought and language, and in a tone so greatly altered, that even her parents say, 'She is not our child, she is not our daughter, a spirit has entered into her.' This is in accordance with the prevailing supersti-

tion of antiquity; for how natural to suppose, when this girl again falls into a state of torpor, and sits like a marble statue, pale, exhausted, taciturn, that the spirit has left her. The transition is easy; the priests take her under their care, watch her ravings and give them meaning, until she sinks again into a death-like stupor or indifference. Successive attacks of this kind impress the countenance indelibly. The painter has to represent features powerful, but consistent with the maturity and perfection of feminine beauty. He will show his genius by portraying not only a fine female form with the grandeur of the antique, but a face of peculiar character; embodying a state of disease often witnessed by the physician, with associations derived from history. If on the dead and uniform paleness of the face he bestows that deep tone of interest which belongs to features inactive, but not incapable of feeling; if he can show something of the imprint of long suffering isolated from human sympathy, throw around her the appropriate mantle, and let the fine hair fall on her shoulders, the picture will require no golden letters to announce her character, as in the old paintings of the Sybil or the Pythoness."

To such fragments as these nothing need be added. It is well that the discoveries and the reflections of such a mind should be placed within the reach of the public at large in an accessible and attractive form. The truest acknowledgment of the services rendered by such men is the respect which every one may pay to their literary remains; and we are persuaded that the success of this volume will not be inferior to that of the admirable treatise on the Hand, and not unworthy of its accomplished author's lasting fame.

#### SONNET.—TO MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

COME, pensive spirit, moonlight of the mind,  
Hallowing the things of earth with touch refined,  
Unfold thine ample page, and let me dwell  
Upon the days that were: I love thy spell,  
And own thee mistress of the magic art  
That breathes a fresh existence o'er the heart.  
Come, then, enchantress! with thy scenic power,  
Illume the dullness of the passing hour;  
Act o'er again what time has swept away,  
And give me back each smiling former day;  
Call up the rosy hours that danced along,  
Gay as my spirit, joyous as my song,  
When youth and health and golden hopes were  
mine,  
Heaping with od'rous gifts home's hallow'd shrine.

## A TRIP TO THEBES.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

From the Metropolitan.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bright charms that form the aspect of old Nilus, the cloudless sky, and the healthful breeze, human nature is a thing so wayward, that much as we admired them at first, time rendered us heartily tired of gazing through the venetians of our little boat on limestone hills, cave temples, hermit cells, mummy chambers, and public tombs, while the villages that occurred at intervals, presented ever the same aspect, of mud houses and date groves, equally crowded with a filthy, lazy, fly-devoured people, and creeping things of every denomination.

At Manfaloot, a mandate had been issued against all detention, which, tedious in itself, always led to bickerings between the reis and dragoman, each endeavoring to overreach the other, and to make the traveller a victim common to both. Under these circumstances we went contentedly on, satisfied to eat flat cakes and sweet curds at nine, with stewed pigeons and tomatas at six, (the staple food of Egypt,) and to divert the intermediate time by observing the absurd foolery of our Arab crew.

Dreading the proscription, some had lost an eye, and some a finger, yet no amount of oppression could check their innate love of buffoonery, while no extent of indulgence in it, seemed capable of producing weariness.

The first evening I noticed them, the sturdiest of the crew had affected to be a beggar asking alms from a rich man, and accompanying the request with all the entreaties common with the pauper hyperbolists of the East. The man of wealth characteristically calls him a Kelb (dog) for his pains, on which the sturdy vagrant loads him with abuse, and ends by dealing him a sharp blow, which is returned with interest, when kicks and cuffs ensue, amid roars of laughter. The shrill pipe and the Arab drum on board were never mute, for even at night some played while the others slept; and as the oarsmen pulled lustily to the wild chorusses of their favorite songs, the mountains and date groves of the Thebaid echoed back the charms of the "fair maids of Secunderiah."

No sooner had we made Luxor, on the left bank of the river, than a guide, speaking two or three languages, and laden with certificates of ability, introduced himself to

our knowledge: wisely had this cicerone sprung from the bank on board, for no sooner was our little boat secured to the shore, than it was at once surrounded by a hundred dirty, noisy Arabs, all pressing on us their services. The first who came, however, was the first engaged, and with him we went on shore, our dragoman and his culinary help,—or "el cookoo," as the Arab sailors had learnt to call him,—also proceeding into the village, to obtain that which, fortunately, every one produces, in addition to its rats, flies, and other "plagues of Egypt," viz. eggs, milk, fowls, pigeons, oranges, and bread,—the only motive for the hungry traveller (and who is not hungry on the Nile?) to stop at them with good will.

Instead of entering a spacious, open temple, as drawings of Luxor had led me to expect, we threaded the filthy ways of an Arab hamlet, between dove-cots and irregular walls, raised with cement and broken earthenware upon the ruins of the mighty temple; barked at by savage dogs, and run after by blear-eyed children. Our guide, stooping through a narrow doorway, first introduced us into a cow-shed, littered with filth, and occupied by buffaloes and donkeys, who seemed quite used to the intrusion, and perhaps considered themselves as part of the interest, although the dogs certainly were of a different opinion, and instead of regarding us as friends, (which, considering how often the Turks term Christians "kelbs," they ought to do,) compelled us to send for our boatmen to protect us from their attacks.

The walls, roof, and supporting pillars, which are those of the ancient temple, are covered with sculptured figures of the gods and kings of Egypt, with hieroglyphic histories of the past keenly chiselled on those blocks whose enormous size remains a marvel to every age. The pillars of this portion of the desecrated temple are formed of solid blocks, connected by huge slabs that form the roof; and the countenances of the gods and heroes sculptured round were remarkable for the extreme beauty and benignity of their expression. From this stable we made our way through numerous dusty avenues, formed all of huts leaning against or built between the noble pillars of the adytum of the temple; and then stumbling over dust-heaps and filth, we came on a splendid avenue of seven columns on either side, each twenty-two feet in circumference, with lotus capitals, all bearing the appearance of ancient painting. The rounded columns are formed of four blocks each, united by



joists of iron. Nothing, we thought, could be more grand than this splendid portion of the ancient palace or temple of the great Osymandias; but as we went on, passed through the northern prophylon, and turned to gaze on the colossi on either side, and the spirited sculptures clearly to be distinguished on the great eastern wall, past admiration was lost in present wonder, and that idea of power and sublimity, which is the first produced by gazing on the works of the most ancient people in the world, took full possession of our minds. Half buried in the sand, which alone seems more eternal than themselves, these huge granite guardians of the splendid temple seem to look forth unmoved upon the changes that time has made. While on the wall, the conqueror, with the fine stalwart form of youth, urges on his fiery coursers against his enemies, or leads them in chains, receiving tribute and homage. Burning with indignation at the treatment these gems of the past receive at the hands of the Arabs, and astonished that the ruler of modern Egypt makes no effort to preserve objects not alone so valuable in themselves, but producing by their power of interest so much advantage to his country, we returned to our boat, which we found surrounded by venders of "antiques," and a party of Almehs, prepared for display.

The *première danseuse* of the group wore a loose shift of dark blue cotton, and on her head a tarbouche, with a gaily-colored kerchief wound around it; but on our approach she drew the shift over her head, and displayed the gay dress of her profession. This consisted of a boddice with hanging sleeves of yellow silk, with a petticoat of dark blue chintz, figured with orange-colored flowers; a pink shawl formed her ceinture, and from it descended a great quantity of silver chains, bells, and talismans. The complexion of the girl was rather sallow than brown, and her hair fell in ringlets on her shoulders; but the countenance bore an expression from which one turned with a sigh and shudder, for it was that of utter degradation. Disinclined for her performance, we desired the dragoman to make her a small present, and no way pleased at her dismissal, the danseuse of Luxor again hid her gay attire, and slowly returned to her filthy home.

The venders of antiques were more fortunate. Necklaces, which had encircled the necks of female mummies, with sculptured genii in blue china, were not to be resisted,

and for a few piastres we made a very tolerable bargain.

Youssouf, our worthy dragoman, for some purpose of his own, had represented that donkeys were not to be got, and talked of burning sands and ten mile distances, after a manner that nearly caused us to allow him to purchase two at Manfaloot, and billet them on us for the whole distance, donkeys being cheap in Upper Egypt, and our knowing servitor thinking that by buying one here, and constraining us to feed it, he would sell the animal on his return to Cairo at a very pleasant profit; but he was disconcerted in his plan, and we found at Thebes, that the arrival of travellers was a thing so common, that the Arabs, always alive to the means of money-making, had saddle-donkeys as well arrayed as in Cairo, with guides, torchbearers, and every requisite for antiquary-hunting, in very troublesome and annoying numbers; the difficulty being, not to get these means, but to get rid of them, and to avoid as much as possible the impositions of their owners.

Thus, before we had been five minutes at Luxor, a dozen donkeys came scampering down, saddled and bridled, their owners fighting among themselves which should take us to Carnac, and it was only by engaging two, and setting them to beat off the rest, that we were able to mount any at all. Next appeared a flock of urchins desiring to carry our water-bottle, sketch-books, umbrellas, and common travellers' gear, the rear being brought up by collectors of "antiques," who every moment pushed into our hands scarabæi, bits of mummy coffins, and all sorts of rubbish of a like nature.

At length we started for Carnac, the gem of the Thebaid, the wonder of every age, the inexplicable triumph of ancient art. It stands about two miles from Luxor, and glad were we to see, that although there was also an Arab hamlet near the ruins, it was not built in and on the towering remains, as in the neighboring scene of desecration.

A short distance before arriving at Carnac, we entered an avenue of Sphinxes, all headless, and grievously mutilated. This avenue, doubtless once among the grandest features of the temple, leads to the southwest prophylon, whose simple majesty of proportions, and exquisite excellence of architectural decoration, cannot be surpassed. Erected of Syene granite, the whole is richly sculptured with figures in alto-relievo, representing the priests making offerings to the gods; and on

the frieze and side walls are figures of Horus and Osiris, under the aspect of their various attributes, while the winged globe, the emblem of the protective genius, surmounts the entrance, and bears evidence of the whole having been richly painted.

On passing this prophylon, our attention was first directed to a portion of the temple to the left, which contains five chambers, dimly lighted from above; here Sir Gardiner Wilkinson pursued his laborious and valuable studies; and on the walls, by the aid of lighted branches of dry date trees, we saw the most exquisite representations of Egyptian mythology,—the mystic history and emblems of the Theban Trinity, Isis nursing her son Horus, and Osiris towering amidst his genii.

From hence we entered a hall facing the southeast prophylon, supported by massive columns, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics, many of them still retaining evidences of their original coloring, but every where defaced by the destroying hand of man. Whole figures have been laboriously chipped away by the mason's chisel, and where the strangers wearied of this work of bigotry, fragments of rich beauty have been violently torn down with the axe or the hammer, the spears or the swords of the Persian soldiery. Turning through a low door on the right, so filled up from the floor that it can only be passed on hands and knees, we ascended the stairs leading to the roof of the temple. Rude are they, and broken, passing between sculptured walls which almost close out the light of day; and here and there a vast block has given way, and one looks shuddering down to the base of the temple; but all must be passed with steady footing, fixed surely in niches in the wall; and when the roof is really gained, a scene of the most bewildering grandeur bursts on the view. Beneath, around, and stretching far away among fields waving with green crops, lay shattered columns, ruined prophylons, noble obelisks, and gigantic blocks of every form, and in every position the imagination can picture, with the great hall of Carnac, so towering and so vast in its proportions, and so noble in its ruins, that chapel, palace, and the very temple on which we stood, sank to insignificance before it. Behind us flowed the bright Nile, and on the opposite bank the remains of those palaces which made Thebes the wonder of the world, while the sitting figures of the Rameses, surrounded by the waters of the inundation, seemed to gaze with sentient

watchfulness upon the piles whereon we stood. Below grouped the miserable huts of the Arab desecrators—they who rifle the tombs of the kings of Egypt—who tear the honored dead of her royal line from their dark chambers, and barter for bread the protective offerings with which love surrounded them—who put their foot upon the neck of the remnant of the lords of the ancient land, and curse them with the foul curses of modern barbarism;—such are the objects which lie beneath the traveller's eye, while deep and full of interest and instruction are the meditations to which they must give rise.

Descending the staircase, and crossing a stony waste scattered every where with remnants of rich sculpture, fragments of colossi, sphinxes, obelisks, and columns, every fragment graven with the history of the past, every stone a leaf in the great book of knowledge, we came on the great hall and temple of Carnac; and here I must abandon all description, all vain hope of making my pen obedient to my purpose; for, as the eye and mind wearies of contemplating gigantic pillars, avenues crossing avenues, chambers seemingly innumerable, gigantic colossi, obelisks of granite, fresh as from the chisel of yesterday, every minute portion of the whole delicately graven with the histories of priests and kings, religious rites, and mystic emblems—so does one shrink from the idle hope, the vain attempt, of describing the indescribable, or seeking to convey to others that which, as we gaze, bewilders the mind with the combined effects of wonder, awe, curiosity, and admiration the most unspeakable. And yet, we see in Carnac but the wreck of the past; its walls are cast down; its hall is roofless, its colossi are mutilated, and its courts are filled with the broken obelisks, prophylons, and columns, that were once its own in a glorious whole of unmatched grandeur; but still, the traveller of to-day, as he paces the silent hall, or leans against its columns, may feel, as I did, that to the history of the ancient world its very ruin adds a charm, and increases the power of that imagination which seeks to animate its avenues and chapels with the mighty priesthood, who held as nothing the power of kings, and who, in their mystic learning, sought to pierce through the veil of nature; and seize upon that truth still darkly hid from them.

Leaving the great temple of Carnac, our guide led us by another road to Luxor, the whole way, which is grown with grass and



weeds, being strewed with sphinxes, colossi of anubis, and other granite remains, whose positions tend to the idea that they all formed avenues between the lesser and greater temples of Carnac, and extended even to Luxor.

Returning to our boat, we crossed the Nile the same evening to inspect the ruins of Koornah, and Medinet above. Engaging a fresh guide for this portion of ancient Thebes, we mounted our donkeys immediately after breakfast on the following day, and with Youssof, the guides, and venders of curiosities, as before, set forth on our investigating journey. As we emerged from a narrow path leading between grain fields, and came on the plain of Thebes, a magnificent *coup d'œil* was presented of the ancient temples, the colossal figures, the perforated hills, and the glorious river, and we hastened on, scarcely looking at the palace of Koornah by the way, to the great temple of Rameses the Second, commonly known as the Memnonium. Entering the eastern prophylon, we stood in a court, where, lying on its back, the face greatly mutilated, is the granite Memnon, the deep-cut hieroglyphics on the right arm perfectly fresh, and according in size with the huge proportions of the figure. We then passed through pillars supporting, or rather faced by, figures of Osiris with the flagellum, to a second court, in which is a smaller Memnon, lying on its side, with one arm perfect, and the back covered with hieroglyphics, among which is cut the name of Belzoni, with the date of 1816. The head of this figure, which is, with the exception of the nose, still perfect, stands supported on a frame of wood, which was placed under it for the purpose of its removal; the right arm, in two pieces, lies on either side of the head, one portion showing the hole bored for the powder when fractured. There is also a block of black granite, at the back of which are hieroglyphics and the figure of a priest in alto-relievo, but the front is totally deprived of form. The adytum of this temple, also supported by figures of Osiris, contains beautiful and perfect relieves, representing kings offering to the gods, priests bearing the sacred ark, and the gods writing the good deeds of Rameses on the leaves of the tree Persea. The capitals of the columns of the temple are of the lotus form, which is perhaps the most beautiful among all the styles of Egyptian architecture.

Leaving the Memnonium, from whence is obtained a fine view of the sitting figures of

Rameses, with Carnac and Luxor on the opposite bank of the river, and the hilly range behind it full of cave temples and convent grottoes of the ancient Christians, we went on to Medinet above, about half a mile further on, over a pleasant road of short crisp grass and herbs. Here we dismounted at the palace of Rameses the Third, one of the most magnificent remains, and the best preserved at Thebes. The prophylon, which is nearly entire, leads into a court surrounded with small chambers, covered with hieroglyphics, but beyond this is the great hall, surrounded with triple colonnades, the ceiling richly painted with deep azure, studded with stars, and the walls covered with deeply-cut representations of the conquests of Rameses, to whom are brought captives of every nation as the king sits on his war chariot, while offerings of hands taken in war are laid at his feet, and a scribe numbers them on his tablets; grooms also are seen, exercising war-horses in the most spirited positions, and on one portion of the wall, the ceremonies required at an Egyptian coronation, appears with Isis protecting the throned king. The green, crimson, and azure is yet vivid on the walls, and the most perfect idea is given of what must have been the splendor and gorgeous effect of this palace, ere desolation cast her hand upon its chambers, and ruin marred the glories of its cunning work.

From the temple of Rameses our guide took us far away to a small temple in the hills, but there was little to see there but a variety in the decorations of the columns, their capitals being of finer work; and cobra capellas adorning their plinths.

Returning from this temple, we visited the Necropolis of Thebes. This vast burial-place of an enormous city presents the appearance of a succession of limestone hills, covered with cavernous openings leading to the mummy pits, which literally perforate as a honeycomb the entire space. Carefully proceeding among these pits, we entered a valley, at the head of which is a temple worthy attention; not that it contains much of interest, but proves that the Egyptians possessed the knowledge of the arch fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. Somewhat heated and fatigued, it was our intention to have rested here and eaten lunch, but I was not yet reconciled to the horrible effects of Arab tomb-rifling, and the dismembered bodies, female heads, and severed limbs I had passed on the way ill fitted me for such refreshments.

Determined, however, to see all that Thebes could show, I resolved to brave these horrors, and visit, if possible, the pit from whence they had been drawn; so, returning with the guides to the spot most crowded with these relics of abused humanity, we found, as we expected, the mouth of a pit, just large enough to admit the body of a man crawling flat upon the ground. The guides, lighting a couple of candles, disappeared through the opening, and called us to follow. Taking off my bonnet, and lying flat on the ground, I was drawn backwards through the aperture, immediately within which the height of the roof permitted me to crawl on my hands and knees, and I found myself in a passage, surrounded by entire mummies, which the Arabs had dragged forward to rifle by the little light that reached them through the entrance of the pit. Much shrunk by the embalming process, they seemed not more than four feet in height, the skin resembling varnished leather of a dark brown color, the hair and teeth perfect, with large openings in the bodies, from which the Arabs had torn the figures, coins, ornaments, and scarabæi usually placed in them by the relatives or embalmers. Lighted by the guides, we continued to crawl forward among remnants of cerecloth and portions of bodies, until we gained a square chamber, whose height allowed us to stand erect. Here a horrible scene presented itself—hundreds of human bodies, piled one upon another, lay under our feet, torn and rifled by the Arabs, stripped of their cerecloth, crushed and dismembered. Even now, the guides and Arabs turned them over as if they had been logs of wood, laughed hideously as some distortion became apparent by the flickering lights, and stamped upon the heap in a way that made the blood curdle in one's veins. Glad was I to return, and inhale the breezes of the upper air; yet I congratulated myself on having seen one of the greatest among the characteristic features of ancient Egypt.

The wealthy families of Thebes possessed private tombs, decorated originally for sale, and the property of the priests; to one of these our guide conducted us. A family of Arabs had it in possession as a dwelling-place; they had closed it with a rude door, and remnants of statues and coffins were mixed up with cooking utensils in the narrow court-yard; and there we found the Arab owners, they and their little ones, with these noisy curs, and sheep and fowls,

the men striving to relieve their squalid misery by the plunder of tombs, and the sale of the "Antiques." Entering the tomb, and lighting our candles, we found lofty and extensive corridors, excavated from the limestone rock, faced with fine cement, and decorated with richly sculptured and colored groups of figures, giving in detail the every-day life of the Egyptian people, as they were two thousand years ago.

On our return to our boat, we found a crowd of venders of antiques waiting for us, each Arab with a little basket under his arm, filled with curiosities from the tombs, scarabæi, necklace amulets, bits of mummy chests, fragments of cerecloth, vases, fruits, human hair, and statues of vitrified china, with human hands, feet, and arms, separately bandaged, as was the fashion with the Greeks, each to be had for a few piastres; and a strange looking old French marquis, whose boat was just in advance of our own, had been the purchaser of a perfect cargo, which his dragoman, looking on such matters as common lumber, had thrown aside, among pigeons, bread, and oranges.

The following morning, before sunrise, we started for the tombs of the kings, situated about four miles from the river. After winding through a defile of limestone rocks of the most majestic heights and forms, along a road originally cleared by the Egyptians, for the funeral processions of their kings, and strewn with boulders of flint, and fossil shells in great abundance, alternated with jasper, we arrived at last at the head of the valley defile, or gorge, where towers, like a vast pedestal for some giant statue, one single rock, fit monument for Egypt's royal line. Turning up a narrow and steep path to the left, we came to the bed of a mountain torrent, and alighted at an excavated doorway, the entrance of the tomb, opened by the indefatigable Belzoni.

Our own wish would have led us to visit this spot in silence, accompanied only by the necessary Arab guide, but this we found hopelessly impossible; all the crew of our boat had armed themselves with huge staves, had prepared to accompany us at starting, and nothing could restrain them; then the reis drew on a bright blue cotton shirt, that had been making during the whole voyage, and stated his readiness also; and last, a miserable old woman, the head of his three wives, hung two or three large coins on her coarse matted tresses,



drew a dirty black cotton veil over her head, and came with tears in her eyes, to beg me to hire a donkey to carry her to the tombs. The reis was in high spirits, and talked and shouted as much as if he had been in a passion: and as a sort of harmless flirtation had been going on since we left Manfaloot between Youssof and the lady, he entertained her with all sorts of chatter; and as the torch-bearers were quarrelling, and the donkey-drivers shouting to their charges, our party was as noisy a one, and as various as could well be imagined. However, we found every body useful in their way, and having lighted the torches, we commenced our descent over the first flight of stairs, which were steep and rugged, but led to a noble corridor, sloping downwards, and lined with fine reliefs, bearing the marks of the ancient paintings. A second descent, and we were in the rich painted chambers, surrounded by magnificent works of art, all possessing great spirit of delineation, and the most perfect proportion of outline. The representations of this celebrated tomb are well known in England, as also the sarcophagus found in it by Belzoni; and in splendor, richness, and beauty, it far surpasses all that have been opened. The appearance of grandeur given by nature to the head of the remarkable valley, in which was found these royal tombs, certainly was such as to authorize Belzoni in his opinion, that it was a spot likely to be chosen for the burial-places of the Pharaohs; and yet it would seem that nothing less than some revelation could have induced the Italian to seek for the tomb of a king in the bed of a mountain torrent. The elaborateness of its work, the beauty of its finish, the richness of its paintings, and the number of its chambers of imagery, make it indeed worthy of being considered as among the finest of those "eternal habitations" which the Egyptians, by no means worshippers of kings, assigned to those among their rulers, who having been sternly judged after death, and against whose justice, wisdom, and mercy, not a breath arose, were ferried across the sacred lake of Thebes, borne in funeral pomp around its temples, and along the steep defile, to these last resting places, in whose chambers prayers for the dead arose, and in whose splendid decorations it was supposed that the soul of the departed took the most exquisite delight.

From that known as Belzoni's, we entered the Harp Tomb, as it is called, curi-

ous and peculiar for the character of its paintings: musical instruments, and musicians playing on them, being delineated on its walls in common with the more usual representations of kings taught by the gods, priests offering sacrifices, and sacred animals and emblems in countless variety. In the last chamber of the Harp Tomb is a granite sarcophagus, in two parts, much mutilated; and on the roof, considerably injured by damp, the stalactical process has commenced, and the walls by the torch-light glitter like a fairy hall. Re ascending from this, we entered a third tomb, numbered nine above its entrance, and found it finer in its proportions than either we had before seen, but less richly painted. In the third chamber stands an enormous sarcophagus, with a full-length figure sculptured on the top, and hieroglyphics surrounding it. It has been sadly fractured by the army of Napoleon, but still remains the most entire sarcophagus in the royal tombs. Among other names, stands prominently forth that of Prince Puckler Muskau, who in putting his signature among the cartouches of Egypt's royal line, felt perhaps somewhat like the fly upon the cart-wheel, who rejoiced at the dust he could kick up; it is a common vanity this, and, as a human weakness, must, I suppose, be pardoned; yet nothing, I confess, annoys me more, than to have my attention attracted from works of interest and beauty, by the scribblings of Smiths and Joneses, whose names, respectable enough in their card-cases, are but vain impertinences when defacing the magnificent remains of ancient art. Among such I do not entirely rank that of the traveller prince, but I should have held him higher had he been content to have gone down to posterity on the title-page of his own amusing book, rather than on the sarcophagus of a Pharaoh, whose beautiful and mystic characters he has defaced by such idle vanity.

We were anxious to see some of the well-preserved mummies, but in consequence of an order forbidding their sale by Mehemet Ali, the Arabs, dreading discovery and punishment, secrete them with great care. However, after some confabulation with the Arabs, who were animated with the idea that we intended to become purchasers of their treasures, they agreed to guide us to the huts where they were to be found. Entering the first, which was in fact the occupied tomb of an ancient family of rank, the Arabs closed the door behind us, and

then with great secrecy dragged forth two mummy chests from an inner chamber, and removing the richly-painted tops of the coffin, displayed the mummies bound in their cerecloths, and evidently untouched. For each they demanded two hundred piastres, or about two pounds, and offered for that sum to wrap the chest in matting, and put it on board our boat in the evening. The size and weight of the chest, however, discouraged us from attempting its transfer, and we left the vendors with a doubtful answer, and proceeded to a second hut, in which we saw another mummy case, containing the body of a woman, as appeared from the figure painted on the top, which was represented with its arms crossed over the bosom, a style only adopted for the coffins of women. The news soon flew round that the strangers wanted mummies, and numerous were the beckonings and hints we received that many were for sale in the several huts while on passing one, an Arab snatched up a mummy which had lain in his court-yard, stripped of its outer cerements, and held it out to us with a triumphant grin.

Through the narrow cloth that bandaged the body, the limbs and features of the dead were clearly perceptible, and nothing could be more piteous in its expression than this poor shrunken form of the ancient Egyptian, in the arms of the brawny and deriding Arab.

I was not sorry to give up mummy hunting, for we were now every where followed and surrounded by Arabs laden with limbs from dismembered bodies, as well as entire mummies of serpents, ibis, and cats, with the heads of wolves, and other hideous objects of Egypt's symbol worship. We bargained for an ibis, and got it for a piastre, but were grievously disappointed to find that, instead of its proving a white plumed, handsome bird, as it once was, it retained neither form nor color; but we consoled ourselves with the shawl that had once enveloped a Theban belle, and a pair of ancient sandals, in form such as our Hummalls constantly wear in India.

Unless the visitor is attracted as a student to Thebes, it is not a place the stranger will be disposed to tarry at, and therefore, having seen its wonders, and just encountered a large party in blouse and telescope array, preparing with umbrellas and sketch-books to follow our steps, we left the remnants of the city of a hundred gates, free to their investigations, and re-embarking,

spread our canvass for the far-famed Khennek, the oasis of all the beggar and pilgrim class of "true believers."

## FLOWERS.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS! wherever ye bloom,  
With your soft-tinted leaves, and your fragrant  
perfume;  
Whether in Spring ye come forth from the ground,  
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around;  
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,  
Beautiful Flowers! I love ye well.

Behold a young girl, in her mirthful play,  
Laughing the hours of childhood away,  
The light winds are waving her sunny hair,  
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air.  
While her fair hands are twining, from summer  
bowers,  
Wild blooming wreaths of the beautiful Flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;  
That gay laughing girl to a woman has grown;  
And the lover is there, who fain would tell  
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well!  
But Flowers he plants in her snowy breast,  
And their eloquent leaves have his love confest.

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells  
A merry peal from the old church-bells;  
The white-rob'd bride is smiling now  
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange bough;  
And bright-ey'd maidens before her strew  
Beautiful Flowers, of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow,—for time hath fled,—  
A wife and a mother lies cold and dead;  
They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest,  
With a young babe clasp'd to her marble breast;  
And Flowers are there, with their perfum'd  
breath,  
Decking the bud and the blossom in death.]

In the green churchyard is a lonely spot,  
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;  
Deep in the gloom of the cypress' shade,  
There is her home in the cold earth made,  
And over her still the sweet flowrets bloom,—  
They were near her in life, and forsake not her  
tomb.

Beautiful Flowers! ye seem to be  
Link'd in the fond ties of memory!  
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,—  
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;  
And barren and drear were this wide world of  
ours,  
Lacking the smile of the beautiful Flowers!

FREDERICA EMILIE D.



## HUME, AND HIS INFLUENCE UPON HISTORY.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands.* Par Augustin Thierry, de l'Institut Royal de France. Quatrième édition. Bruxelles. 1842.

THIERRY, largely and approvingly quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, and praised by many English reviewers, has, without absolutely superseding any of our 'standard' authorities, become, through the medium of translations and cheap editions, a popular book. So much attention has been excited by the novelty of his very doubtful views, which we trust to have ere long an opportunity of discussing, that it has tended to revive the scheme, often suggested, but never yet adopted, of publishing an annotated Hume.

'Hume, after all'—it was urged by an able advocate of the plan, whom, according to the fashion of the days of Berkeley and Hervey, we will designate as *Alciphron*—'Hume, after all, retains his literary ascendancy. People will turn to him naturally as the educational book, the unchallenged source of authority. New histories, such as Thierry, may enjoy a flash of reputation, but they will not be considered as the sober, regular book, the outfit of the new book-case in the newly-furnished breakfast-room, newly occupied by the newly-married expectants of a numerous family. As Professor Smith says, in his Lectures, *It is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader; he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind, on all the topics connected with our history, he entirely gives the tone and law.* Were, however, the merit of Hume's history less than it is, the stamp given by the name of a standard work will always sustain its value as a literary or commercial speculation. Hume may be truly characterized as History for the Million. In our active age, the prevailing desire is to acquire the largest show of information, with the smallest expense of thought. Just as you buy a tool-chest or a medicine-chest, because it contains all the hammers and chisels, or tinctures and powders which you want, all ready chosen for you without any trouble of your own—even so do people purchase the standard work for their handsome, select libraries, because

they expect, and rightly, that it will fill up the gap on their shelves, and the void in their heads, without any further pains.'

Your comparison, however apposite—was the reply of *Euphranor*—cannot be carried entirely through. He who purchases the tool-chest endeavors to ascertain the temper of the tools: he assures himself that the shear-steel is Holtzapfel's and not Sheffield ware. It is not the mere 'town made' which will satisfy him. In the medicine-chest, you take pains enough to insure that the contents of phials and boxes shall be the right thing: no willow-bark instead of Battley's cinchona: genuine unadulterated senna. Still more anxiously would you keep away from the shop, however gay and attractive, if you knew that the pharmacopologist had been tried and convicted of selling oxalic acid in the place of Epsom salts, or arsenic for magnesia. But with respect to the 'standard work,' or the whole legion of educational works, equally 'standards' in their degree, is the same salutary caution employed? Rarely does the teacher, who places the book before the pupil, take the trouble to consider the character of the mind whence the work emanates, or the tendency of the doctrines which it may boldly display or coyly conceal. How often does the careful mother, who anxiously guards her children against opening any but 'Sunday books' on the Lord's day, resume on the Monday her regular course of readings—lessons on history, lessons on botany, lessons on geology, taken from productions in which, either in express terms, or by inference, Holy Scripture is either so excluded as to destroy all trust in its reality, or represented as a fable!

'Surely not so'—said *Alciphron*;—'name them.'

Nay—quoth *Euphranor*—it is mamma's business, not mine; let her set her wits to work, and examine the first dozen of the rubbish which she shoots upon the school-room table.

'We are wandering from our question'—resumed *Alciphron*;—'do not suppose that I contend for the absolute perfection of Hume's history. In many respects it may not satisfy the awakened curiosity of the public mind. Copious sources of information, unexplored in Hume's day, have been made known since his time by the diligence of our modern antiquaries. Sounder criticism is employed in judging the mediæval period: more truly do we appreciate the poetical character of the middle ages, the

splendors of chivalry, the charm of romance, the beauty of the structures, the merit of the artists who, sixty years since, were equally contemned by the man of letters and the virtuoso. Above all, we begin to understand how extensive is the inquiry involved in the annals of mankind; for the enlarged researches of our own times, make us now far more sensible of the exact extent of our ignorance. There is as much graphic archæology and curious quaintness, in any one number of Charles Knight's *London or Old England*, or my friend Felix Summerly's Guide-books, as, under Pitt's administration, would have set up an Antiquarian Society—president, council, director, and all the members to boot. But our abundance will facilitate the editorial task. Hume's short-comings may be completely remedied by the note, the excursus, the appendix, and the essay. All those who possess the information and talent needed for correcting Hume's errors, or making good his deficiencies, will have a far better chance of profit or fame by annexing their information to his pages, than through any independent production of their own. Embark in the vessel which has so long braved the storms of criticism: the good ship Hume will always make a prosperous voyage, and find a market for her wares in ports which to every other flag will be closed. *It is in vain—as observed by a shrewd critic of our own day—that we shall look elsewhere for those general and comprehensive views, that sagacity and judgment, those masterly lessons of political wisdom, that profound knowledge of human nature, that calm philosophy and dispassionate balancing of opinion, which delight and instruct us in the pages of Hume. Hume is justly placed, by common consent, at the head of our philosophic historians: he is not more distinguished for his philosophy than for his sagacity and judgment, his feeling and pathos.—Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality.*

You are quoting, O *Alciphron*—was the reply of *Euphranor*—the words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and

critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the cleverness displayed in Hume's history, though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says,—‘*We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.*’ Professor Smith goes a deal farther. He warns us to be ‘*ever suspicious*’ of the author's ‘*particular prejudices.*’ He virtually accuses his favorite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, ‘*by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.*’ And he sums up the literary character of the ‘*beautiful narrative*’ by telling us that ‘*in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time sufficiently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and soundest opinions.*’\*

How can an editor deal with such a writer—an historian who neither knows the truth, nor cares to know it, and whose wilful perversions must provoke a continual, though ineffectual, refutation?—The perpetual commentary must become a perpetual running fire against the text. Let it be further recollected that the ‘*particular prejudices*’ of Hume may chance to run counter to an editor's best interests and feelings. If you, *Alciphron*, held a good estate in the county of Berks, by your father's will, would you like to attempt the correction of a topographer who had such a ‘*particular prejudice*’ against testamentary devises as to represent them to be grounded, in every case, upon fraud? How could any Englishman bear to edit a general history of

\* The passages quoted by *Alciphron* and *Euphranor* will be found in the *Edinburgh Review* No. 83, p. 5, &c.; and in *Smyth's Lectures*, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentively, comparing it with this article.



England, composed by Monsieur De Nigrement the Frenchman, who, entertaining the most '*particular prejudices*' against the British sea-service, always advocates his own opinion by so artfully mixing up truth with misrepresentation, as to make all our naval men appear odious or ridiculous; and to induce us to believe that our naval service is equally mischievous and contemptible; our wooden walls, not the defences of the realm, but useless sources of extravagant expense; our sailors, ruffians, serving merely for plunder; the '*whole scope*' of all our Admiralty orders directed to the same wicked object; our commanders, knaves or fools, traitors or cowards; who represents Howe as a ninny, and Collingwood as a brute; and who, in narrating the last days of Nelson, fraudulently omits his 'England expects every man to do his duty;' lest, by quoting these emphatic words, he should preserve a memorial of the ardent and sincere patriotism of the dying hero?

An editor appears to me to be nearly in your position when you introduce a stranger to your friend. In this case, you wish—if consistent with truth—to become the entire voucher for the character of the party: if you cannot go to that full extent, then, in connexion with the introduction, you feel yourself obliged to put your friend sufficiently upon the *qui vive* to protect himself in his intercourse. As the world goes, you may often be compelled, even for your friend's benefit, to place him in close quarters with an individual whose connexion or acquaintance cannot be pursued or cultivated without caution.—'Chipchase is an honest workman, but very cross—John Bean takes good care of his horses, though he is not a teetotaller—Sir Richard enjoys capital credit upon 'Change, but he is apt to be tricky.—In all such cases the merit or talent, such as it may be, is accepted as a compensation for the defect. So far as concerns the particular purposes required, the balance is on the right side. But you would find it rather awkward, had you to state, 'Lorenzo is a delightful companion, full of wit, talent, and information; he has only one fault, his whole heart and soul is given up to gallantry: he never loses sight of his purpose. He has written a most clever essay upon "*the natural history of chastity*"—to prove, not only the bad influence exercised by the "*popular notions of chastity*" upon morality, but that, in point of fact, chastity never exists; and that she

who is apparently the most virtuous differs only from the most profligate by "cant and grimace." Lorenzo is most actively consistent—he tries to seduce every woman he can get at. When you have him in your house he will endeavor on all occasions to put his doctrines into practice, whether he meets your smart lady's maid in the park or your staid governess on the stairs, plays an accompaniment to your spinster cousin, assists your wife at the dinner-table, reads a sermon to your budding daughter, or escorts your well matured sister to the opera.'—Would it not probably occur to you that your friend would consider it rather inexpedient to begin by shaking hands with a scoundrel, whom he would soon be compelled to get rid of by kicking him out of doors?

Hume's merits must be examined with reference to the era in which he flourished. Previously to Hume, it can hardly be said that England possessed historical literature in the æsthetic sense of the term. Adopting the Gibbonian phrase, it was our reproach that no British altars had been raised to the Muse of History. All who, since Hume, have earned any commanding reputation, are more or less his disciples; and all our juvenile and educational histories, and conversations, and outlines, are, in the main, composed out of Hume's material—occasionally minced up with a few pious reflections, or even with texts, in order to correct the taint of the food thus dished up for the rising generation. Even Turner strongly partakes of his flavor.

Before Hume, we had many valuable and laborious early writers, such as Hall and Grafton, Speed and honest Stow, who chronicled events with diligence, giving that instruction which facts, faithfully though unskilfully narrated, afforded to the multitude, when the comparative sterility of the press rendered reading scarcer and reflection more abundant. 'Baker's Chronicle,' in the hall window, the one book coned over by the fine old English gentleman, taught him to think for himself. May be his chaplain helped him a little. The modern English gentleman thinks as he is taught by his newspaper. Besides such Gothic chroniclers, for we name Baker only as the exemplar, there were other writers who had made a nearer approach to the science of history, by treating the subject

with reference to the principles of government, or the doctrines of party. They aspired to the more ambitious rank of instructors; yet we had not any works which, viewed as literary compositions, were distinguished either by style or sentiment. Many might be consulted for information, none had striven for literary eminence.

Omitting the writers confined to particular eras or reigns, there were six who, as precursors of Hume, had, with more extended views than mere annalists, planned or executed the task of compiling a general history of England.

First appears Brady. The functions of this learned man exhibited an odd combination of pluralities: a doctor of medicine by profession, an antiquary by fancy, he united in his person the offices of Regius Professor in his faculty at Cambridge, Master of Caius College at Cambridge, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower; being, moreover, one of the household physicians of James II., and as such one of the attesting witnesses of the birth of his unfortunate son. Brady was also much connected with Sydenham. Strange to say, he pursued his literary studies, and preserved his reputation for professional skill. In our days, the 'three black graces' respectively impose three degrees of literary exclusiveness upon their respective professors. Mother Church is most indulgent towards her children; provided they 'perform' one service on Sunday, she nods and allows them to expatiate as they may. Themis shows more jealousy: when she is courted by the student, she smiles and says, 'Young man, recollect I must have you all to myself. It is not for the like of you to suppose that you are to be indulged like the suitors of whom I have been sure—a Brougham or a Jeffrey, a Talfourd or a Merivale. No,—when you have wedded me, you must give up all flirtations with the Muses. If you forget yourself, you shall not touch a shilling of my property, and I dare say I shall end by suing for a divorce from such an unfaithful partner.' Esculapius is the harshest of all: if his son prints his footsteps upon ground forbidden to medical intellect, he at once cuts off the *extravagant* heir with an empty pill-box.

In Brady's time, far more toleration was allowed. He grew rich, received fees, and flourished, albeit he was a distinguished antiquary and historian. The first, or introductory volume of Brady's History, containing a summary of the origin and progress

of the constitution, with a valuable Glossary, was published in 1684; the second in 1685; the third, which ends with the reign of Richard II., in 1700. Brady was sincere in his belief that the people had no political rights, excepting what they had begged, bought, or stolen from the king. Considered as an historical investigator of constitutional law, rather than as a narrator of facts, Brady has much merit, though he draws erroneous conclusions from authentic evidence. He assumes that, whenever any grant in favor of the people proceeded from the Crown, their right originated out of the grant; whereas, in fact, it more frequently happens that such a grant is only a confirmation of a previously existing right, or the recognition of a prevailing principle in the constitution, subsisting by custom and usage, but which now required to be defined, because government sought to violate the understanding, or refuse the concessions which might render the struggle unnecessary: popular rights previously held in solution, but precipitated by excess of royal prerogative or party pertinacity.

'Our late great parliamentary revolution,' said *Alciphron*, hearing this observation, 'is a case in point: it was the refusal of the franchise to Manchester, which solidified parliamentary reform—a few drops more of *Eldonine*, and we should have had the People's Charter.' But this is a vexed question, which *Euphranor* advises us for the present to decline, and we must therefore return again to our historians.

Partial, however, as Brady may have been, he was an honest writer; rigidly accurate in his quotations, and, having appended numerous original documents to his text, he affords us the means of refuting his own mistakes, and is still in many points a useful guide.

Brady was the champion of Toryism and hereditary right; Tyrrell took up the gauntlet on the side of the Whigs and the Revolution, by producing, in 1698, 'The General History of England, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, from the earliest accounts of time to the Reign of his present Majesty, William III., taken from most ancient Records, MSS., and printed Historians, with Memorials of the most eminent Persons in Church and State, as also the foundation of the most noted Monasteries and both Universities.' Four successive volumes followed; the last appeared in 1704, when, like Brady, he was silenced in his controversy by death; and the same era,



the conclusion of the reign of Richard II., ends his 'Complete History.'

As a necessary consequence of Tyrrell's antagonism to Brady, he runs fast and far away from the truth in the opposite direction. If not absolutely the founder, yet he gave a great help to the respectable, but somewhat prosy school, who systematize Anglo-Saxon liberty; believe that King Alfred instituted trial by jury; portray King John as signing Magna Charta with a long goose-quill; and, always confounding the means with the end, consider political freedom as identical with national happiness. His 'History' is a Whig pamphlet in five volumes folio. Puzzle-pated, and yet sincere, Tyrrell waded diligently through the best authorities; he neglected no source of information. We believe that he has hardly omitted any one fact of importance; and yet you read through his history without being able to recollect one of the events which he has narrated with drowsy fidelity. Like all writers of his class, he is a telescope with dulled glasses; he brings the object nearer to you, but so dim and confused that you have no distinct image at all.

With better fortune than his predecessors, Lawrence Eachard was enabled to fulfil his plan of 'giving to the Englishman his own country's story.' He undertook his useful and important work, for such it certainly is, under the clear conviction that he was called to the task by a sense of duty as a divine. England wanted a church and state history, a history which might teach Englishmen to respect their national constitution as well as their national religion, without egging one on against the other: he therefore wrote as a professed teacher, influenced by doctrines which it was his calling openly to propagate and confirm. Eachard's principle, however he may have carried it through, was the right one. A soldier would deem it an insult if you supposed he forgot his commission when he appears in plain clothes. Equally should a clergyman make all around him constantly know and remember his order, although his surplice may be put off. The first volume, which extends to the end of James I., is the least important. He did not neglect original authorities, but, according to the prevailing fashion, he considered the 'monastic writers' as 'being highly disagreeable to the taste and genius of *our* refined age.' In the second and third volumes, which carry on the history to the 'late happy Revolution,' Eachard becomes a writer of intrinsic worth.

He exercised a satisfactory diligence in collecting all the printed authorities, not merely such as are historical in the strict sense of the term, but of that miscellaneous illustrative class, pamphlets, lampoons, trials, and the like, neglected by his contemporaries, but of which he fully knew the value. Eachard was also assisted by manuscript and oral information, so that in the latter portion of the work he becomes an original authority. It is a grave, magisterial, sober, sensible book, in Oxford binding. His narration is deficient in talent or liveliness; but want of elegance and spirit is compensated by the business-like clearness of his style, and the excellent arrangement of his matter. His work, in spite of the attacks of scurrilous Oldmixon, and the criticism of the miserable free-thinker, Conyers Middleton, acquired considerable credit, and may be read with advantage by those who value plain historical information, full and solid: but they must not look for any solution of difficult problems, or any nice elucidations of character.

In the capacity of the patriarch of book-makers, the earliest professional author known to have been paid by the sheet, Guthrie, whose ponderous Geographical Grammar still lingers in its fourteenth edition, deserves a memorial. Let subscriptions be raised at every trade-dinner for the erection of the statue in papier maché, in the dark Court opposite Stationers' Hall, in the centre of the little grubby, scrubby, shabby green. As an historian, few words will suffice for poor Guthrie. He was a Tory by principle and an author by necessity. Steadily did he fill page after page, under the stimulus of political feeling and the pressure of domestic penury. Such was the patient complacency of his customers, that Guthrie's history, being intended to be popular, fills two enormous folios, a stone-weight of literature. Guthrie's work is decently and comprehensively executed; but he has omitted references to proofs and authorities, so that his compilation, far too unwieldy for any ordinary reader in our degenerate days, is nearly useless to historical inquirers.

The history of reputations ill deserved, would form a large and interesting chapter in the annals of literature. When it shall be investigated by some future D'Israeli, a prominent station must be found therein for Rapin. Laborious and yet superficial, pompous and shallow, his foreign birth, education, and *habitat*, all unfitted him for

the task. We must recollect, however, in judging him, that he wrote for foreigners; that is to say, for the continental public, and not for ourselves. Rapin tells us so with a candor which excuses the author, though it does not neutralize the errors which he has propagated. Rapin had some appreciation of the higher qualities of an historian—but his model of composition was Mezeray; his sentiments those of Bayle. He judged all matters, religious or political, in the spirit of a French refugee: feelings fully natural and excusable in one who had escaped the persecutions sanctioned by the name of Louis le Grand. Yet our tolerations for his opinions must not induce us to conceal that Rapin, in his worthless farra-go, is consistently an enemy to monarchy. Whenever the subject gives him an opportunity, he never fails to speak out: his sober republicanism is wholly different from the radicalism of the present day, and yet it is not without its influence in the same cause. Rapin's history ends with Charles I. The remaining portions of the French text (of his avowed English continuators we do not speak) are all written by different hands. Salmon says that the history was worked up by a club or society of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots, (Durand, the minister of the Savoy, being one,) English Presbyterians, and Scotch Cameronians. There may have been something of design, but there was more of book-making. Amsterdam was then the Manchester of this manufacture; and Rapin dying before he had completed his work, Abraham Rogissart, the bookseller, had it 'got up' from his papers, in order not to lose the benefit of a publication from which much profit was derived.

To counteract Rapin, Thomas Salmon, whom we have just quoted, produced his History of England, comprehending, as we are informed by his elaborate title-page, printed with a wonderful variety of type—upper-case, lower-case, roman, italic, red letter, and black letter,—'Remarks on Rapin, Burnet, and other Republican writers, vindicating the just Right of the Established Church, and the Prerogatives of the Crown against the wild schemes of Enthusiasts and Levellers, no less active and diligent in promoting the subversion of this beautiful frame of government, than their artful predecessors in hypocrisy, who converted the Monarchy into a Commonwealth and the Church into a Chaos of impious Sects.' Salmon did not come from a bad

stock; he was brother of the well-known historian of Essex. His fortunes, however, had been oddly chequered: he had served in the wars in Flanders (we suspect as a private), had been much at sea, twice to the Indies, and had kept two coffee-houses in a small way, first at Oxford then in London. Whilst following the last-mentioned avocation, he compiled the 'Modern Universal History,' in which the English history is included, and several other useful works. His English history is fairly executed, and has occasionally those touches of liveliness which knowledge of the world imparts even to inferior talent. As a critic, Salmon has given many useful corrections of the 'republican writers,' not only in his history, but in his 'Examination' of Burnet's Life and Times.

Brady and Tyrrell, but more particularly the former, well understood research. An historical antiquary now arose, in the person of Thomas Carte, who far surpassed any of his predecessors. Carte was an indefatigable investigator of unpublished documents, particularly of state-papers, but he was somewhat deficient in the gift of knowing when to undervalue the result of his own researches. Alas! it is the common error of antiquaries to reckon the worth of the prey by the difficulty of the chase, and to consider that the mere accident of the information existing in manuscript—and above all in a manuscript *penes me*—must of necessity insure the value of the article. He has overlooked important authorities, amongst others, strange to say, some of the publications of Tom Hearne; a great wonder, because Tom Carte ought to have turned to him by pure instinct as an *unsworn* brother. Adhering to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and having become cognizant of some plot for their restoration, Carte attained the uncomfortable honor of having his name placarded on the walls, in a proclamation which offered one thousand pounds for his apprehension; but he was able to escape to France, where he continued many years. The Benedictine school was flourishing there, and he had good opportunity of profiting by their labors. These excellent men were busily employed in editing the various sources of mediæval history; and their example, as well as the general tone of their erudition, so different from the Parisian coteries in which Hume afterwards flourished, gave Carte a deeper insight into the mode of conducting historical inquiry, than he could have obtained in



England. Patronized by Dr. Meade, Carte had previously published his noble edition of Thuanus, which, after his recall to England, was followed by the 'History of the Duke of Ormond.' In the latter work he necessarily examined the character of Charles I. This production opened the way for a task of greater magnitude. Feeling, in common with others, the need of opposing a more effectual antidote to the erroneous views of Rapin, than the well-meant, though not profound, attempts of Salmon, he planned his 'Society for encouraging the writing of a History of England,' with the avowed view of being supported by such encouragement. Carte fully knew his ground, and the difficulties he should have to encounter, and he went to work as a man determined to overcome them.

A great number of 'noblemen and gentlemen signed an instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their twenty, the latter their ten guineas a year, towards the charges of the work and materials.' The documents which our author circulated amongst his subscribers, before he began to publish the History, entitled 'A Collection of the several Papers published by Mr. Carte in relation to his History of England,' show how thoroughly he had considered the subject in all its bearings. A full knowledge of the contents of our own archives, many of which were then of difficult access, a thorough acquaintance with the continental collections, a due and critical appreciation of the value of the ancient sources of information, all testify to his qualifications for the task. He received munificent support. Oxford University and five of the principal colleges appeared as subscribers. Prudent Cambridge wholly kept aloof; but the reserve of Alma Mater was more than compensated by the solid patronage of the Corporation of London and of the opulent city companies. The first volume of the 'General History of England, by Thomas Carte, an *Englishman*,' was worthy of the ample assistance the author had obtained. His quaint denomination must be explained. Carte, though in holy orders, dared not write himself *clerk*, and would not write himself *gentleman*; he was a member of a secret and proscribed hierarchy; therefore he probably thought, that, since he could not add any designation of station, he would claim no other description save that which he derived from his country. Carte exercised

great control over his principles: his Jacobitism can only be detected in his fairness towards monarchy, nor is the allegiance due to the House of Hanover ever endangered by the historian's affection to the Stuart cause. Without doubt, he was rather desirous not to put the Treasury again to the trouble of offering a thousand pounds for lodging him in any of his Majesty's gaols. Throughout the whole of the work, which Carte continued till the year 1642, there is only one passage in which his Jacobitism creeps out, betraying the sentiments of the party to which he belonged. Never was the love of the White Rose more innocently, some folks would say more absurdly, displayed.

Speaking of the right of anointing, practised according to ancient usage, at the coronation, he refutes the injudicious arguments of those who rest the jurisdiction of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters upon this ceremony, contending that such power is incident to royalty, and inherently vested in all sovereigns. Had he stopped there, and then taken the oaths, all would have been excellent. Even a Whig minister might have 'thought of him,' as the phrase is; or his friends might have told him so. But, unluckily, he was tempted on a little bit further; and he proceeds to confute another opinion, that the gift of healing the scrofulous humor, called the king's evil, by the royal touch, a belief which has furnished an entertaining chapter in Mr. Pettigrew's very curious history of 'Medical Superstitions,' was to be attributed to the virtue imparted by the same ceremony; 'for,' says he, 'I myself have seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to royal unction.' The individual supposed to have received this miraculous healing, was a certain Christopher Lovel, a native of Wells, who, having resided at Bristol as a laborer, was sorely afflicted with the disease. During many years, as Carte tells us, had he tried all the remedies which the art of medicine could administer, without receiving benefit. An old sailor, his uncle, about to sail to Cork, received Lovel on board his vessel: another voyage brought him to St. Malo in the Isle of Rhé. Hence Lovel crossed the country to Paris; ultimately he reached Avignon. 'At this last place,' says Carte, 'he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings;' and, upon returning to his birthplace, he appeared, as people thought, entirely cured. Up-

on hearing this story, the first impression is, that Christopher Lovel was benefited by change of air and scene, diet and exercise, in the course of his long peregrinations by land and by sea; and any wise man, even though not a doctor, would assuredly, before he committed himself, have said, 'Let us wait awhile, and see whether the disease be entirely removed.' Accordingly, at no long period afterwards, the disease did in fact reappear. Whilst the unfortunate Jacobite thus lost his cause by failing in the ordeal which he had waged, he suffered all the odium of gaining a victory. Carte's enemies, and they were many in his own craft, took up the matter no less fiercely than as if the patient had been really and thoroughly healed, thereby giving the most indisputable proof of the legitimacy of the Pretender. Had Christopher Lovel been produced, as fresh as a rose and as sound as an apple, at the bar of the House of Lords—for the purpose of giving evidence to set aside the Act of Settlement, a louder hurly-burly could not have been raised. Pamphlets abounded. Silvanus Urban, usually open to all parties and influenced by none, lost all fellow-feeling. Mysterious paragraphs appeared, in which significant letters interchanged with more significant dashes—'N—j—r, P—t—r, excited all the horror of loyalty against the luckless T—s C—e. London citizens took fright. Pursuant to a vote of Common Council, Mr. Chamberlain, by order of Mr. Town, withdrew their subscription. Many other of Carte's supporters followed their example from a real horror of Jacobitism; more, lest they should incur suspicion of favoring the Stuart cause—thus saving at once their reputation and their money. Still Carte's spirit was unsubdued: he continued to labor at his work. The remaining volumes appeared in due succession; and, had not death arrested his pen, he would, without doubt, have completed the book to the Revolution. As before mentioned, it ends with 1642. Carte's transcripts form a very valuable and extensive collection, and are now deposited in the Bodleian, where they constitute a memorial of conscientious honesty; for though Carte did not live to complete his plans, still he fully performed his duty towards those who supported him. He brought together all the materials for the edifice, which he was bound to raise.

Such were the precursors, who with unequal qualities and success, had prepared

the way for Hume. Being in 1752 appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, an office from which he received little or no emolument, but which gave him the command of the largest library in Scotland, he then, as he tells us, formed the plan of writing the 'History of England;' 'but, frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place.' Two years elapsed before the appearance of the first volume of the 'History,' containing the period from the accession of James I. to the Revolution. The second followed in 1756. The history of the House of Tudor was next published in 1759; and the more early part, beginning, according to custom, with the Druids and Julius Cæsar, was given to the public in 1761. This retrograde process is not ill adapted for the purpose of giving an effective and persuasive unity: it better enables the writer to single out such results as may agree with the causes which he chooses to assign. Keen novel-readers often begin with the catastrophe, in order to judge of the conduct of the tale. A writer of history may follow an analogous plan in order to insure a striking development. Hume's 'History' thus falls into three sections, and there are diversities of execution in each. Unquestionably, the portion in which Hume shows most grasp of mind is the Stuart history, yet one spirit pervades the whole.

Previously to the appearance of the history, the Librarian, petted and favored as he may have been by private friendship, had not manifested any ability reasonably leading to the supposition, that he would ever be numbered among the great men of the age. Had it not been for the notoriety attached to his 'philosophical' principles, no impartial observer would have anticipated that David was likely to attract the notice of posterity, amidst the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease. He had tried a profusion of little essays, little treatises, little didactic dialogues upon metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, arts and sciences, trade, commerce, and polygamy, politics and constitutional policy, and historical antiquities—none very brilliant. Until he became a narrator, he never discovered the means of exerting his influential powers. Hume was destined to become a magnificent performer; but he began



professing upon the wrong instruments: they had not sufficient compass—they wanted power and depth of tone: he kept hitting and hammering arias and fantasias upon the harpsichord, instead of expatiating in all the mazes of a grand concerto upon the violoncello. When he did change for the right instrument, he made it speak: and he took his proper place in the orchestra; but of that hereafter.

Hume's first offering to the literary world, as we are told in 'My own Life,' was 'a Treatise of Human Nature, being an Attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning into moral subjects;' not a very intelligible title even when, by substituting *on* for *of*, we render it somewhat more conformable to the vulgar idiom of our language. 'Never,' adds he, 'was any literary attempt more unfortunate than my Treatise: it fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots.' And he proceeds to represent how cheerfully he sustained the disappointment, and then recovered from the blow. In this auto-biographical confession, which contains two facts, the failure of the work and Hume's own conduct, there are two misrepresentations; the baby was not still-born—it was quite alive, and cried lustily, so as to excite the ogres, that is to say, the reviewers, to strangle it: an operation effectually performed, in the Journal entitled 'The Works of the Learned.' In the next place, Hume, instead of submitting with stoical indifference to the loss of said baby, raged like a lioness deprived of her cub. Rushing into the shop of Jacob Robinson, the publisher of the Review, he out with his sword and demanded satisfaction. Jacob took refuge within his proper stronghold, and entrenched himself behind the counter, and thus escaped being pinked after the most approved fashion. Both parties acted very naturally—the stoical philosopher in being furious at the criticism, and the bookseller in declining to become a martyr for his editor; but 'My own Life' is wholly silent about the matter. 'My own Life,' indeed, belongs to a class of compositions rarely commanding much confidence: say, one in a hundred. Autos usually takes good care not to tell any tales, which, in his own conceit, would lower his repute with Heteros—not one in a thousand. In all such compositions there is a great root of self-deception. We are far more proud of confessing our secret sins,

than of recalling the recollection of our open follies. But the Philosophical Historian is superlatively egotistical and self-adulatory; he rolls and swelters in vanity.

All his miscellaneous productions, excepting only his 'Natural History of Religion,' and some slight Essays upon 'the passions,' 'tragedy,' and 'taste,' appeared before the publication of the first Stuart volume. Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favor in the literary circles and coteries at Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking, however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, the 'zealots' having been bold enough to assert that he was an apostle of infidelity, he lost his election.

Such contests are usually poor tests of sound principle: however, on this occasion, the opposition was honest and sincere. it was instigated by the more orthodox and uncompromising members of the Kirk, who really adhered in heart and life to Christianity as taught by Calvin and John Knox; and Hume hated them henceforward with his whole soul. But the 'enthusiasts' constituted a minority—both a moral and a numerical minority; all the ministry who professed liberal opinions, valued and sought Hume's friendship. Stigmatized as the propagandist of unbelief, he was consoled, supported, protected by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished members of the Scottish establishment—Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, and Carlyle. This reverend patronage, not any ability or cleverness of the writer, gave activity to Hume's venom. It removed the reproach previously attached to infidelity. It at once took off the interdict. Those who are the warmest adherents to Hume's irreligion have never dared to risk their own literary reputation by praising the talent of Hume, as evinced in the most offensive of his publications, such as the 'Natural History of Religion,' which includes the 'Bad Influ-

ence of Popular Religions on Morality,' the 'Essay on Miracles,' and the 'Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;' and when Magee ('On Atonement and Sacrifice,' vol. ii. p. 276) spoke of them as 'standing memorials of a heart as wicked, and a head as weak, as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist,' it is the harshness of the language, not the injustice of the sentiment, which can in any degree dispose us against the criticism. Deficient in any sustained argument, prolix and inconclusive, his hold upon your attention principally arises from the effort which you are constantly compelled to make, in order to follow the reasoning, which vanishes as soon as it begins to assume a definite form. If you are an antagonist, he wearies you, not by his blows, but by continually slipping out of your grasp. Such works would absolutely have destroyed Hume's reputation as a philosophical reasoner, had he not been an unbeliever—had not opposition to faith been usually, in those days, considered as a *primâ facie* proof of a strong and vigorous mind.

The 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals' may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favorable approbation of qualities commonly favored; a dislike of vices commonly odious; commonplace observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths, intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to the more amiable of the natural good qualities of mankind, if they trouble him not in his easy way. Without seeking to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the cause of pagan virtue.

The best of Hume's miscellaneous productions are his political and constitutional essays: they are clear and sensible, and they have all the force resulting from a shrewd and tranquil intellect. He recommends himself by his *disinvoltura* and worldly good sense, and a due appreciation of the popular fallacies by which the multitude are deluded. These pieces have the value of slight sketches by a good artist, free and expressive, but they need finish and carrying out into compositions. The most elaborate of them is the 'Essay upon the Populousness of Ancient Nations.' Its reasonings received an elaborate reply from Wallace; and Gibbon, in his valuable 'Adversaria,' has pointed out some striking in-

accuracies. It is now chiefly remarkable, as having elicited from Hume an important and instructive description of his peculiar tactics. In a second edition, he added the following curious note:—

'An ingenious author has honored this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned a refutation would have made the author suspect that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the skeptical side; and having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation, could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar.'

But becoming afterwards aware, that this was an unguarded disclosure of the trick which gave most success to his sophistry, he omitted it, when, for a third time, he republished the essay in an octavo form.

In the large library, which, as he tells us, suggested his work, Hume wanted, like his predecessors, important materials then concealed in manuscript, but now familiar to every historical inquirer. Domesday, the groundwork of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman territorial organization, was enshrined in the Chapter House at Westminster, protected strictly under lock and key: rarely could the edifice be entered; if the antiquary sought to consult the treasure, thirteen shillings and fourpence of lawful money must be paid for each inspection of the volume; guarded so jealously that the finger was never allowed to wander beyond the margin, lest the characters should sustain injury from the contact with unexchequered hands. He had to labor under many other similar disadvantages, removed by more recent editorial diligence.

Such deficiencies, though they may diminish the completeness of history, are not detrimental to the literary character of the historian. Ordinary and vulgated sources will usually give all that is needed for a broad outline, which may be rendered sufficiently effective, as a test of the author's talent, with few minor details. 'Here are some new and unpublished materials for the History of the Siege of Rhodes, M. l'Abbé.' The reply of M. l'Abbé Vertot—as we have it in the facetious, anecdotic chapter of the French school-grammars of



the last age—was, 'Mon siège est fait.' In the case of Vertot, the answer has become a standing joke against his memory, but the point of the sarcasm is given by his general untrustworthiness. Had M. l'Abbé been faithful to the extent of his knowledge, no candid fellow-laborer would be inclined to blame him, for being content to work well upon a limited stock. In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as 'the guide and philosopher,' who, 'on all topics connected with our history entirely gives the law,' it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due diligence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's History as 'elegant, but *superficial*:' apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhappily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed à la Pompadour: she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth; never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed—his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention—to slacken the bow, but never leave it unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity—recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, 560 nominal and 273 effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history.

Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. 'My own Life' is silent concerning my own studies during

the progress of the history; nor have we any means 'of visiting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his sty,'—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker as a 'jocose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence.' The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied,—'Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashious to have moved across the room when any little doubt occurred.'

In the absence of more precise information, we must endeavor to ascertain, by internal evidence, the books which Hume had by his side, when, compiling the earlier portion of his history, he worked in this somewhat American guise. It has been ably shown by the most competent judge amongst our contemporaries (*Ed. Rev.* vol. liii. p. 15), that, from Carte, Hume borrowed not only the arrangement of events but the structure of his expressions, giving, however, the color of his own thought and style to the narration, and occasionally verifying Carte's statement by referring to his quotations. Hume made nearly as much use of Tyrrell, balancing the narratives of the two historians, wisely availing himself of the hints given by Whig and Tory. Brady was his principal help for constitutional information. Original sources were occasionally consulted by him, though very uncritically and sparingly; some of considerable importance are wholly passed by: for example, the anonymous life of Richard II. published by Hearne. The reason is obvious; Carte unaccountably neglected it, therefore Hume was ignorant of the book's existence. Hume may have turned over the leaves of the chroniclers, but he never rendered them the object of study, and never distinguished between primary and secondary authorities. Of Church history he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections, in which the transactions of the Church are recorded.

A few passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi: his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the *Essai sur les Mœurs* by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room.

Possibly many elucidations of Hume's literary character might be derived from the large collection of his correspondence, now deposited in the Library of the Edinburgh Royal Society. An editor would, however, find difficulty in dealing with the papers, so as to afford sufficient instruction, and, at the same time, avoid public offence. Selections from correspondence are worth little, unless they are sufficiently ample to exhibit a continuous view of the mind and pursuits of the man, and the mutual interchange of thought. Those who have examined the Hume papers—which we know only by report—speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing amongst the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the 'Essay upon Miracles,' and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the 'Essay upon Suicide.' Can we doubt but that Hume, who possessed within him the natural germ of many virtues, was exceedingly strengthened in his infidelity, by the inconsistency of those whom he terms 'religionists' leading him to the conclusion that 'their conviction is in all ages more affected than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life? The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching nearer to the former than the latter.'—Thus generalizing from his knowledge of the private sentiments of these betrayers of their Lord, these preachers of the Gospel, honoring the reviler of their Saviour, whose talents and worldly respecta-

bility added to their evil influence, he became firmly convinced that 'priests of all religion are the same,' seeking merely the gratification of their own sordid and selfish passions and propensities.

The 'careless inimitable beauties of Hume,' as they are styled by Gibbon, that is to say, his solecisms, his Scotticisms, his Gallicisms, his violation of the rules of English grammar, and still more of English idiom, were criticised with some severity by Dr. Priestley, in his English Grammar, the rarest of his productions. 'The mere language of an historian,' as Dr. Arnold observes, 'will furnish us with something of a key to his mind—will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient.'

Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally discloses his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in appropriate diction: he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features. Whoever writes the history of remote times, is virtually a translator; and a strict and literal translation fully meets the meaning of the German term. It is an *übersetzung*, an oversetting. Translation, it has been well observed, is 'a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second, to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first.' Perhaps the worst solution is the conceit of rendering sound for sound, in which the sound usually ceases to be an echo of the sense. Speak, in translating from Norsk or Anglo-Saxon, of the *stink* of a rose, that is to say, the rose's *smell*—the *dream* of a fiddle instead of its *tone*—the green *beam* for the growing tree—the *smear-monger* for the *butter-merchant*; represent a mother as lamenting that her *knave's lungs are addled*, instead of her *boy* being ill of *consumption*; describe the preacher holding forth from his pulpit as the *beadle spelling* from the *steeple*; or,



recurring to the original *sense*, when *sound* fails you, praise the excellent taste of his majesty of Bavaria in erecting the marble *slaughter-house* to the honor of Germania's worthies—such Teutonisms would not add to the clearness of our ideas. Very insidious, in all cases, are the deceptions suggested by titles of dignity, designations connected with state or office, of which the signification changes so rapidly from age to age, whilst the symbol remains the same. *Dominus*, or lord, conveys in the originals no peculiar notion of pre-eminence. It is sufficiently humble in the familiar compound of landlord; but speak of the lord of the land, and what a vision it raises of feudal dignity! In words which, according to the laws of language, you must employ, the great difficulty consists in guarding against ambiguities, arising from the change of meaning. Parliament is not a senate occupied in making speeches and passing laws, but the King, enthroned at the head of his great court of remedial justice; a bishop's palace, nothing regal, but a place, a mansion; throne, unconnected with royalty, and only the official seat of the prelate. The historian should consider himself as an interpreter, standing between two nations, and he cannot well execute his task, unless he has lived with both. He must be familiarized, not merely with their language, but with their habits, and customs, and thoughts. He must be able to reduce all the conventional phrases of society into truth, to know when the speech which makes the roof resound means nothing—and be equally able to find the expressive meaning of silence. A very useful introduction to the study of patristical latinity—a main source, together with the Vulgate, of the mediæval idioms—will be found in Mr. Woodham's *Tertullian*. It is unnecessary to remark that the baser latinity of the mediæval writers differs widely from that of classical authors; but the discrepancy lies far deeper than the adoption of barbarous words, whose signification can be disclosed by a glossary, or the solecisms which can be corrected by grammatical rules. Their rough refectory—and kitchen—Latin, came natural to them; they thought in it; hence, though employing uncouth and ungraceful language, they expressed themselves, when needed, with terseness and power. It also exhibits strong idiomatical peculiarities, not merely of individuals, but of æras. Anglo-Norman latinity differs much from the later Plantagenet latinity. Compare, for exam-

ple, a few sentences of Ordericus Vitalis, or William of Malmesbury, with the pseudo-Ingulphus, forged, as we have shown, subsequently to the reign of Edward II.,\* or Knighton. Hume, compiling chiefly from dull and vapid translations and compilations, and quite unable to catch a distinct perception of the originals, never approaches to the truth of historical diction, though he fully attains its rhetorical beauty.

Helped onwards by such guides as Carte and Tyrrell, it was impossible that so acute a writer as Hume could commit any palpable blunder in the main facts of his history; but he absolutely teems with all the errors which can be committed by talent, when endeavoring to disguise ignorance by putting on the airs of knowledge. Hume's history is made out of the cast of a cast, in which all the sharpness of the original has been lost. He gives great effect to the dull and rounded forms, by touching up the figures with his chisel, and recutting them so as to suit his conception; but this process, cleverly as it may be executed, only denaturalizes them the more.

We are amused at the absurdity of the Romancers of the middle ages, who portray Alexander in full armor, and Nectanebus hearing mass in the Temple of Termagant. These anachronisms, the proofs of a total misconception of the Grecian age, are not a whit greater than when Hume speaks of 'Anglo-Saxon gentlemen.' The notion of a gentleman is a complex idea, entirely belonging to our own times—it implies courtesy of manners, education, a qualification of property not defined by pounds, shillings, and pence, but which places him above poverty, though not necessarily in opulence; and belongs to a state of society which never could have existed in the Anglo-Saxon age—nor could the term ever have been employed by any writer who had the Saxon Chronicle before him.

The Gallicism *Tiberiade* reveals Hume travelling to Tiberias in the Holy Land, under the guidance of the Abbé, and not of William of Tyre.

Edwin, in Hume's History, retires 'to his estates in the North, with the view of commencing an insurrection'—just as a Cumberland squire might have done in the '45. Possibly Hume may have found in

\* Sources of English History, 'Quart. Rev.,' vol. xxxiv, p. 296; in which article we have spoken fully of Hume's uncritical use of the ancient sources.

Rapin, that Edwin fled to his *états*. Unless Hume's readers obtain information elsewhere, it will be difficult for them to understand that Edwin retreated to his great earldom, his great feudal earldom, as it would be called, which he possessed with quasi-regal power.

Another example is somewhat more complicated. What confidence would be placed in a writer, who, expatiating upon the policy of our own times, were to say that landed property may be recovered, by *filing a bill* in the Court of Common Pleas, or bringing an *ejectment* in the Court of Chancery? True, this is a misapplication of mere technical terms, but the technicality involves essentials: a writer thus blundering, would at once exhibit himself as woefully incompetent to discuss the merits or demerits of our jurisprudence. Hume, in stating that Henry II. 'admitted either of the parties to challenge a trial by *an assize or jury* of twelve freeholders,' as if the terms were synonymous, displays exactly the same species of ignorance. The assize was an array of recognitors of twelve knights elected by four other knights, under a special ordinance of Henry II.; the jury was summoned by the sheriff, by assent of the parties. The difference between the assize and the jurata constitutes one of the most instructive portions of the learning of our ancient law.

Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography.—'The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort.'—Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of *Naples* in the twelfth century, when the continental dominions of the *King of Sicily* consisted of the duchy of Apulia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it colored on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians, and Slavonians, on the east.

Whilst Hume discusses, describes, condemns the manners and customs and igno-

rance of the middle ages, he, with dogmatic confidence, betrays in every allusion, that he never can remove himself out of the eighteenth century. Unreal ideas of the past are constantly united to a more real sense of the present; his descriptions remind one of a showman's booth in a fair—a scene with daubed temples and dingy groves, and, around and behind, the shops and lamp-posts of the market-place. Thus, speaking of the Anglo-Saxon free pledge, 'No man,' he says, 'could change his habitation without a *warrant* or *certificate* from the borsholder of the tithing to which he formerly belonged.' Farmer Ethelwolf puts on his great coat, and, going to the shop of Mr. Grimbald, a tithing-man and tobacconist, walks up to the counter, and tells him that he is about to move next Michaelmas, and requests his certificate, which Grimbald duly delivers, and receives a shilling for his pains. This is the train of ideas which Hume's description of the proceeding suggests.

Suppose that an historian, describing the reign of George I., were to observe, 'There were not many bills of exchange in circulation in those days, and losses for want of such securities—a sure mark of a rude state of commerce—were *very frequent*; for the *art of copperplate engraving was so little known* that you could hardly ever buy blank bills of exchange in the stationers' shops.'—Even such is the reasoning of Hume in the following passage:—'And it appears from Glanville, the famous justiciary of Henry II., that, in his time, when any man died intestate, an accident which *must have been very frequent when the art of writing was so little known*, the king, or the lord of the fief, pretended to seize all the movables, and to exclude every heir, even the children of the deceased—a sure mark of a tyrannical and arbitrary government.'

Hume evidently supposed that writing was essential for declaring testamentary intentions. But, according to the jurisprudence of the middle ages, it was not essential; nuncupative testaments, or bequests made by word of mouth, might be equally effectual. Writing was no more needed, in the first instance, for the purpose of preventing a man in the reign of Henry II. from dying intestate, than copperplate engraving was in the reign of George I. for the purpose of giving a legal bill of exchange. Practically, the greater proportion of wills in the middle ages were unwritten death-bed declarations, made in the presence of



witnesses—who subsequently appeared before a competent authority; and to this circumstance we may trace some of the most marked characteristics of mediæval testamentary dispositions, as distinguished from our own.

When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by 'the triple crown,' and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the 'Vatican,' he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valor of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the tiara till after Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. (1389-1404); and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of the pontiffs from Avignon.

In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us, that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were *not regularly* kept. *Not regularly* kept! Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized, (and all the infants of the city were brought thither,) was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a boy—and then casting them up at the end of the year.

During the Anglo-Saxon period, Hume informs us that 'deeds relating to civil transactions, bargains and sales, manumissions of slaves, and the like, were inserted in the blank leaves of the *parish Bible*, kept, it is to be presumed, in the vestry, printed by his Majesty's printer, and bound in rough calf. We shall soon have to speak of the Bible during the Anglo-Saxon period. If Hume had consulted history with any attention, he would have said that such instruments were occasionally recorded in the blank leaves of a Missal, or the Gospel, or the Psalter, or some other portion of the Scripture, treasured in a great monastery; but the examples are rare, and do not require the prominence which he has bestowed upon them.

Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in

the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the unsoundness of the fruit, rotten to the core.

Our philosopher was free from one sin—the pride which apes humility. His autobiography lies like an epitaph. He discounted his own legacy of posthumous praise, and exonerated his executors from the liability of payment. He extols his own sobriety and his own industry in the strongest terms. Had he these qualifications? If exerted, they would have enabled him, like Carte, to emulate the exactness of the French Benedictines; and his negligence discredits him the more.

Hume the librarian, laboring like Guthrie, to earn an honest penny by writing for the booksellers at so much a sheet, might have been useful, or at least innocuous.

Hume the metaphysician possessed the rare gift of being able to compare probabilities, and, at the same time, to suspend his judgment. Hence the ability with which he has treated the character of Mary, a question upon which either side may be taken with equal skepticism or equal credulity. If he had been gifted with a truth-seeking mind, this talent would have conducted him to the best principles of historical investigation. He would have disciplined us in the least cultivated branch of historical science, the logic of history.

Hume the politician, as we can fully judge from his slight but able constitutional essays, might have conveyed wise practical lessons through the medium of our national history. Calm and unimaginative, great names had no influence over him: there was no object to which he bowed: he entered the Temple of Fame, refusing to worship any popular idol. Head or stamp would not induce him to receive base metal as precious coin. He who had the courage to designate the works of Locke, and Sidney, and Hoadley, as 'compositions the most despicable both for style and matter,' was truly able to count the cost of exposing himself to the hostility of literary prejudice and party feeling. No one had shown more clearly than Hume the utter fallacy of the original-compact doctrines: he could admit the lovely vision of a government framed upon philosophical theory, and yet refute the Utopian absurdity of reducing it into practice. Hume was not one of those who repudiate Oxford, and graduate at Laputa. Do we seek a demonstration of the inoperativeness of popular election, as

the means of collecting popular opinion—where can more able arguments be found than in Hume?

Hume the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents, and the delicate taste which, preventing his attaining the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a *consummate Rhetor*. As a composition, considered without reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology is unrivalled.

But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the *consummate Rhetor's* continued perversion of *history* into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade a reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. 'INFIDELITY FOR THE MILLION' is the heading for Hume's history, than which only *one* other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. 'Never lose an opportunity,' was the advice given by a kindred spirit, 'of placing gunpowder, grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole.' Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression, suggested by a crime unknown in the 'dark ages,' and generated in the full blaze of civilization, he always tried to

burke religion. Temper, as well as prudence, had from the first beginning rendered him sober. Personal considerations had due influence: he courted not the honors of martyrdom. Opinion imposed some check; law more. In England there was a boundary which could not be quite safely passed. Some examples had occurred sufficient to warn him. Like A'sgill, or Toland, or Woolston, or Peter Annet, he might be seduced beyond the bounds of conventional impunity granted to free-thinking, and find himself in the presentment of the grand jury, with a prospect of Newgate and the pillory in the background: far enough off, yet disagreeable objects, looming in the horizon. At Edinburgh, an ecclesiastical prosecution brushed by him. 'An overture' was made in the General Assembly, for appointing a committee to call the philosopher before the synod, as the author of books 'containing the most rude and open attacks upon the Gospel; and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism.'

A further examination of this very remarkable transaction would exceed our limits: the endeavor thus made by the orthodox members of the Kirk, to testify against the progress of infidelity, was frustrated not by dint of reasoning, but by the indefatigable exertions of his clerical friends. We have seen what high and influential names were numbered amongst them. The strongest argument which these ministers of the Gospel employed *on behalf* of their client, was, 'that Mr. Hume was really no Christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and therefore was to be considered as one who is *without*, and not a subject of Christian discipline.' Thus did the most eminent, in the world's opinion, of the teachers of Christianity in Scotland plead Hume's declared infidelity, as the *reason* for espousing his cause, and protecting him from ecclesiastical censure. Pending the proceedings, the more faithful of the clergy did their duty, by endeavoring to warn their people against him. His chief opponent was Anderson, 'the literary champion of the fanatics,' who dealt with Hume by 'constantly appealing to the Bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.' We take the words of his biographer, as the best exponent of the antagonist feelings by which Hume was supported or opposed.

Yet Hume did not escape entirely with-



out damage. Infidelity stood between him and the much-coveted professorial chair. By the rebound of the attack made in the General Assembly, he was compelled to resign his librarianship. Though little hurt, he was somewhat scarred; and whilst it increased his grim antipathy to the faithful Calvinistic clergy, the 'fanatics' and 'enthusiasts,' he was the more wary in avoiding any very tangible opportunity of falling into their power—a power fast diminishing, but yet sufficiently formidable to disturb the Sybarite on his rose-leaves. Caution, therefore, was always needed; a restraint to which he submitted the more willingly, since he conceived that his own quiet plan of operation would be quite as sure, in the long run, as the more brilliant and sounding measures adopted by the other active members of the philosophical circle, the 'sensible, knowing, and polite company—with which Paris abounds more than any other city in the world.' He comforted himself in his dying hours, with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. 'Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.'

To this one object, the destruction of 'religious fictions and chimeras,' all Hume's endeavors were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity whence its seductive merit is in great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing with religion, shows the cowardice of his heart: he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupefy his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen, should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied; or blurred, when he cannot deny them. All active operation of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labors to suppress any *belief in belief*, as an efficient cause of action: he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence, argumentation, equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aver-

sion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgets even the conventional decencies of language in the bitterness of his heart. When his so-called History is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage?—*'Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them, are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall, are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Every thing that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied, is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candor only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry.'*—And in every shape Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity.

When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing

\* From Mr. Macaulay's article upon 'History,' Edinburgh Review, No. xciv., p. 359. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respects incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection, we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of 'opposing one species of superstition to another,' and thus profiting by the dissensions which he helps to raise.

All who oppose Hume's *political* principles—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversion of truth. The most lenient, and yet in some respects the most severe, of his critics, Professor Smyth, warns us to be 'ever suspicious' of the historian's *particular prejudices*. Every accusation they prefer against him, by reason of his fraudulent partisanship of prerogative, applies with far greater force against him as a fraudulent opponent of revelation.

Hume's estimate of the merit or demerit belonging to any institution, or any individual, is exactly in proportion to the absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity. Hume is always on his guard; no holiness, no beauty, no purity, no utility, can by any chance betray or seduce him to find an excuse for the sin of religion.

Professor Smyth, warning his readers against the continued fraud and falsity of the 'guide and philosopher,' and expatiating upon the sagacity and skill displayed by Hume in perverting the authorities whom he employs, proceeds—

'But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authorities? What effect does this distrust after all produce? Practically, none. In defiance of it, is not the general influence of his work on the general reader, just such as the author would have wished; as strong and permanent as if every statement and opinion in his History had deserved our perfect assent and approbation?

'I must confess that this appears to me so entirely the fact, judging from all that I have experienced in myself and observed in others, that I do not conceive a lecturer in history could render (could offer, at least) a more important service to an English auditory, than by following Mr. Hume, step by step, through the whole of his account; and showing what were his fair and what his unfair inferences; what his just representations, and what his improper colorings; what his mistakes, and, above all, what his omissions; in short, what were the dangers, and what the advantages, that must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance.'—*Lectures on Modern History*, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

Some few observations and examples will exemplify how truly the Professor's censures are deserved; but we must be content to await an explanation of the principles which justify the public teacher of youth in bestowing the most affectionate and warmest praise upon such a propagator of falsity. Would it not have been desirable that an instructor of the rising generation should pass some censure upon these violations of natural morality, some regret for talents thus misapplied?

Hume's sagacity, in most cases, taught him to avoid absolute falsehoods. You can rarely apprehend him in flagrant delict. Hume's misrepresentations are usually couched in those vague, broad, general charges, which he propounds as certain, without bringing forward any proof. Now, it is very difficult to refute charges so propounded, because their contradiction must always be a negative pregnant, involving counter-assertions, which throw the whole burthen of proof upon those who wish to dispel the error. To revert to Euphranor's illustration, if a French writer were to state that the *whole scope* of our Admiralty orders, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'is directed to the purpose of plunder,' there would be no incontrovertible refutation, excepting by producing the whole series of documents. So it is in Hume: his calumnies are couched in those stereotyped phrases, which, through him, and, we may also add, through Robertson, are now adopted as first principles of historical information and knowledge—'ignorance and absurdity;' 'days of ignorance;' 'disputes of the most ridiculous kind, and entirely worthy of those ignorant and barbarous ages;'—assertions that the clergy 'subsisted only by absurdities and nonsense;'—that 'nonsense passed for demonstration;'—that 'bounty to the Church atoned for every violence against society;' that 'the people, abandoned to the worst crimes and superstitions, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed upon them by their spiritual pastors.' To demonstrate the prejudice, the unfairness, the wicked untruths of such accusations, the first step in the process must necessarily be to know what they mean. 'Ignorance' may be ignorance of evil—absurdities may be the highest truths. According to Hume, belief in a special Providence is a gross absurdity. It is painful to us to be compelled to notice impiety in a conversational tone, but the nature of our subject compels us to do so. In the next place,



the general influence of Hume's general propositions can only be counteracted by a faithful development of the practice and doctrine, life and conversation, of the ages and persons so recklessly defamed. The task, we rejoice to say, has been nobly begun by Mr. Maitland, in his *Essays upon the Dark Ages*, which have appeared in their present form, since this article was first sent to the printer. Terse, witty, powerful in reasoning, pious in spirit, and profoundly learned, Mr. Maitland has, by a well chosen selection of topics, enabled every reader to judge of the gross misrepresentations which have been promulgated by those popular writers, who, in Professor Smyth's words, have hitherto given the tone and the law to the public mind. We trust that such a work as Mr. Maitland's will not be confined to the instruction of readers. Let us hope that it will produce students: encouraging those who, deriving knowledge from original sources by patient assiduity, thence acquire self-reliance and independence of judgment, so much needed in this over-active age, when so many endeavor to be up and doing, and so few sit down and think. For this purpose there must be a diligent study of mediæval divinity.

Considered merely as affording the means of historical information, this pursuit will become indispensable, when, with more philosophy than has been hitherto exerted, we endeavor to penetrate into the moral organization of mediæval society. Are we interested by the structure of the abbey or the cathedral?—Is it not at least as important to become acquainted with the doctrines which were taught by those who ministered at the altar? Our present love of antiquity may lead to unsound conclusions. Many are tempted to a blind and indiscriminate worship of past times, not only shutting their eyes against unfavorable facts, however clearly proved—but ascribing to the middle ages gifts of impeccability and perfect holiness, which revelation teaches us to be incompatible with human nature; others, constituting a more numerous class, are caught by the vulgar bait of antiquarianism. Our attention is in danger of being engrossed by the archæology of the curiosity shops. Unless the tendency be corrected, we shall be overwhelmed with literary dealers of the *rococo* of history—Archæology, if pursued merely with reference to art or decoration, to manners and customs, to incident and romance, is little

more. Without doubt, in a subordinate relation, all such inquiries are useful, but they are only secondary and subordinate: it is the bane of sound instruction to consider them in themselves as objects of knowledge. History so treated, substitutes the illuminated miniature of a manuscript, with its bright colors and false perspective, for a real view of the state of society. How has the study of classical antiquity been rendered beneficial to the intellect? It is because the history and philosophy and literature of Greece and Rome have been rendered ethical; because they have been pursued for the purpose of distinguishing between the transitory forms which they assume, and the principles of permanent application and utility which they include. To the Christian teachers of the middle ages, we deny the honor and worship which we lavish upon the wise amongst the heathen. In place of seeking the highest utility, we play with the eccentricities and peculiarities which amuse us from their novelty or singularity, which minister to intellectual frivolity, which gratify the ear or the eye—the baubles supplying the subject of a melo-drama or the drawing for an album, the arrangement of a tableau, the poetry of an annual, or the frippery of a fancy-ball.

Very important are these doctrinal works, in explaining how the comparative paucity of copies of the Holy Scriptures influenced, and, paradoxical as it may appear, promoted, their study during the middle ages. Until about the twelfth century, the productions of the inspired writers were not commonly found otherwise than in separate manuscripts, as is the case in the East at the present day. 'So scarce are the copies,' is the remark of a recent traveller, 'that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that was the patriarch, who possessed an entire Bible; even that was in half-a-dozen volumes. One man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, and so on.'\* It was, therefore, only with much trouble and expense that a complete set of the detached pieces of Holy Writ could be formed. The donor of the Book of Kings or the Book of Chronicles, is recorded as a benefactor in the annals of the monastery. Few libraries before the Hildebrandian era—the great era of revival—possessed Law and Prophets, and historical and poetical books, and Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and Apocalypse, transcribed uniformly in the

\* Grant on the Nestorians, p. 67.

one volume which we call the Bible—a term unknown until about the thirteenth century, such a volume being previously designated as the *Bibliotheca*, or the *Pandects*. The scarcity of a complete textual copy of the entire Scriptures—the deep feeling of their inestimable value—the exertions bestowed by monks and clergy for their diffusion; all appear from a remarkable anecdote in the life of St. Ceolfrid (ob. 716) This holy man, the abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, caused three *Pandects* to be copied. Two were placed in his monastery, in order that the whole body of Scriptures might be conveniently ready and at hand for consultation or perusal in any particular chapter; the third he himself conveyed to Rome, and presented to St. Peter's: thus proving equally the value of the volume and the diligence of the Anglo-Saxon Church—Northumbria, so lately a pagan realm, aiding by her industry and learning the capital of the Christian world.

New generations arose; time advanced; the patient industry of the inmates of the Scriptorium multiplied the copies of Holy Writ, until the wider diffusion of Scripture was permitted by a process—art, it cannot be called—so easy, so familiar, so long known, that the concealment of the printing-press from mankind until these our latter ages, is one of the most remarkable instances, revealing to us the constant control exercised over human intellect by the Power from whom it flows. In the meanwhile, and until printing was thus called into operation, the whole course of religious instruction consisted in a constant endeavor to imbue the learned clergy and the unlettered laity with the knowledge of the word of God. Hence, for the clergy, the formation of the Concordance, binding, as it were, the Holy Scriptures into one whole, and rendering the inspired writers their own commentators; and it was in the 'darkness' of the thirteenth century, that, by Hugo de Sancto Caro, this great and laborious work was performed. Hence, for the laity, the common use of pictures. Objectionable as such a mode of instruction may become, it was then beneficially employed as the means of realizing an historical knowledge of Holy Writ. How few amongst us identify, in our own minds, the personality of the individuals, and the actual occurrence of the events, mentioned or recorded in sacred history! How rarely do we strengthen ourselves in the conviction, that the Deluge is as real an event as

the fire of London! Historical belief and doctrinal belief are inseparably combined: take either away, the other fails. Reject the historical event, and you destroy the sacrament which it typifies. Even the mystery of stage-play, in which the events of Scripture were dramatized, was beneficial. In certain states of society, there is scarcely any sense of the ridiculous. The rude dramas which amuse the half-scoffing antiquary, conveyed sound instruction to the wondering multitude. The more the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were scarce, the more was Scripture knowledge valued. Scripture knowledge acquired activity from concentration. The narrowness of the stream added to the force of the current; what was lost in breadth was gained in intensity. Scripture was forced upon the reader, upon the hearer, upon the monk in his cell, upon the crowd assembled round the cross. Consult the mediæval sermons and homilies: what are they but continuous lectures upon the Holy Scriptures? The Song of Songs alone furnishes *eighty-six* sermons to St. Bernard, of singular excellence. Their treatises of divinity, properly so called, (for the scholastic dialectics belong to a different class,) overflow with Scriptural knowledge; and generally may be designated as Scripture extracts connected by ample glosses and expositions. Above all, was the Bible brought home to the people by the constant appeal to Holy Writ—in discourse or in argument, in theory or in practice, for support or example—connecting it with all the affairs of human life. The Scriptures entered as an element of all learning, of all literature, of jurisprudence, and of all knowledge. Theology was honored as the queen of science. The opening speeches to Parliament were scriptural discourses; and this circumstance has been alluded to with ridicule, by the very writers who most strongly condemn the middle ages for their neglect and concealment of Holy Writ. Every theory, every investigation, was based and founded upon Scripture; for, in the memorable words of the venerable Primate of our Church, mankind truly and practically acknowledged the all-important duty of 'approaching the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility and that prostration of the understanding and the will, which are indispensable to Christian instruction.\*'

\* Charge delivered to the Clergy of London, at the Primary Visitation, 1814, by William, Lord Bishop of London.



Can we say that the far greater diffusion of Scriptural knowledge in our times produces that vital result? Do we, like them, obey the whole tenor of the volume, which teaches us the duty of bringing intellect into continual subjection to revelation? Considered merely as a book, none was perused with greater delight—no poem had so great a hold upon the imagination. The Bible, in all its variety, was presented to them, not as a huge bundle of texts, but as one wonderful epic, beginning before time—ending in eternity.

It would require years—years well employed—to investigate the literature of mediæval divinity. Even the most moderate tincture is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and, with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities, take the following passage:—

'However little versed in the Scriptures, they [the ecclesiastics] had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and, forgetting what they themselves taught, that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent, by divine right, in those who officiated at the altar. *During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies were directed to this purpose; and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payment of tithes to the clergy.*'—

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the Gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as 'little versed in Scripture,' we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges *the entire body of Christian teachers* with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teaching, for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfric, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis (names amongst the most important of the ministers of the gospel during the middle ages), or in the treatise of Alan de Lisle, destined

for the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a *single passage* by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be in the slightest degree sustained. The historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impudence could be the only parallel.

As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the Word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the church—then the Judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come forward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity—then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character—delineations far more frequently displaying the common-place contrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification. 'Rufus,' says Hume, 'was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration.' Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of 'sharp wit;' and, with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be 'cautious of admitting *every* thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;' he, Hume, having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny.

Because Henry I. persecuted Archbishop Anselm, he receives Hume's highest praise for his 'prudence and moderation of temper;' the proofs of these good qualities being, *e.g.*, his cutting off the noses of his grandchildren, the offspring of his illegitimate daughter, Juliana, and plucking out the eyes of Lucas de la Barre.

Whenever it is possible, by misrepresent-

ation, or by concealment, or by sophistry, to calumniate any individual exercising religious functions, or to depreciate any one in whose character religion forms an element, or to carp at any action grounded upon religion, Hume never fails to improve the opportunity. We have thus a perpetual source of falsification in the biographies of the leading personages. Ecclesiastics were compelled, from their situation, to take a prominent part in the business of the world; they were statesmen, politicians; now the leaders of opposition, now the prime ministers of the sovereign. Whether it was expedient that the members of the hierarchy should be called upon thus to mix in secular affairs, whether it were a privilege or a burthen, or a temptation, are questions which we shall not discuss. But this constant unfairness ruins the mere historical narrative.

Take, for example, Lanfranc. 'Lanfranc was a Milanese monk.' Lanfranc was *not* a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile State, the city of Pavia. Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Bec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. 'This prelate was rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; and after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a Norman monk, who had been appointed to the see of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of human passions,' &c.—True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy, was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity. Some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might, in some cases, be

surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm. Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore, Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained, unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc, maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit: it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case, governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anslem to the spoliation and oppressions of Rufus and Beaucerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish, throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anslem.

Hume accuses Lanfranc of 'zeal in promoting the interests of the papacy, by which he himself augmented his own authority.' But the fact is, that Lanfranc in no manner augmented his authority through the Papacy; and his conduct contributed greatly to keep the Church of England in that state of isolation from the other portions of the Western Church, which so remarkably characterizes the Conqueror's reign. William, who had been willing enough to support his claims by the sanction of Alexander II., presented a firm front to Hildebrand. 'No Pope shall be acknowledged in England without my assent,' was the declaration of the Conqueror. Lanfranc, the 'Milanese monk,' acted so completely in conformity to this declaration, as to lead to the supposition that he obeyed a course which he himself had advised. The 'process' before the Pope went off without effect. The contest between him and the Archbishop of York,



was decided as if it were entirely a civil question, by the King and the Great Council or Parliament—and not by papal authority, as Hume leads his readers to suppose. When Guibert of Ravenna was appointed to the papacy by the Emperor, Lanfranc maintained an armed neutrality. He refused to acknowledge Clement III., and did *not* send his adhesion to Gregory VII. Had Lanfranc's successors adopted the same course, England would have been lost to Rome. Yet all these important facts are concealed by Hume, in order to establish a charge of 'zeal for the papacy.' Hume's notice of Lanfranc's learning, is confined to a silly sneer: 'He wrote a defence of the real presence against Berengarius; and in those ages of stupidity and ignorance, he was greatly applauded for that performance.' Lanfranc's treatise possesses singular dialectic acuteness and dexterity. Without being in the least convinced by his arguments, we may fully admire his skill. Lanfranc contended for doctrines which he conceived he was bound to support: he appealed to public opinion, and by argument gained the victory.

But Lanfranc's fame had been long since established; it did not depend upon his polemic discussions. Lanfranc led the intellectual movement of his age: Lanfranc was acknowledged to be the great teacher of Latin Christendom. Hume remarks, that 'knowledge and liberal education were somewhat more common in the southern countries.' But the seat of liberal education was more truly in the North. From the remotest parts, not only of Latin or Western Europe, but even of Greece, students of all classes and ages resorted to Bec Hellouin, as to another Athens. Removed from his university, for such his humble monastery had become, to Caen, and thence exalted to the primacy of England, his pastoral duties compelled a new application of his literary labors. He entered a less ambitious, but not less useful career. Lanfranc now employed himself upon his edition of the Holy Scriptures. The texts of the Biblical books had been miserably corrupted, by the ignorance of the latter Anglo-Saxon transcribers, one of the many results of the calamitous invasion of the Danes, which no exertion had been able wholly to remove. Much of this correction was effected by Lanfranc's own application and learning: manuscripts, with his autograph corrections, existed in France previous to the Revolution; others may perhaps lurk

in our libraries. But he also provided, as far as he could, for futurity—by training up many disciples for the same important task. Of Lanfranc's character and influence as prime minister, Hume says absolutely nothing. Lanfranc's letters or despatches, to which the historian never makes a single reference, display his vigilance and his charity. Whilst defending the power of his sovereign, he became a father to the English. He rejoiced to adopt the name of Englishman. Rufus was educated by Lanfranc. One of the most remarkable proofs of the archbishop's intellectual power, and of the good use to which he turned that power, was that, so long as he lived, the wickedness and tyranny of his pupil were entirely restrained. Hence Lanfranc's death was lamented as the greatest calamity which England could sustain. Of all these characteristics, not a word is to be found in Hume. Concerning all these practical effects of good sense, and learning, and talent, and piety, exhibited in the most distinguished character of the early Anglo-Norman era, the historian of England is entirely silent.

Bentham amused himself, and his readers also, by proposing that criminals should be exhibited to public contempt, with masks, emblematical of the bad passions which seduced them to crime. Hume, as a writer, has anticipated the utilitarian jurist. He has two sets of such masks, in which he usually exposes his churchmen to scorn and contempt: the wolf-mask, and the fox-mask. Gregory the Great is shown up as wolf: the unwearied and successful labours of this pontiff for the conversion of the English, arise simply from raving, craving ambition. Augustine, the apostle of the English, wears the fox-mask: his mission is a consistent and successful course of hypocrisy. Whenever religion can be laid to the charge of any individual, conclude him, says Hume, to be either knave or fool: consider it as an incontrovertible principle, 'that a general presumption lies against either the understanding or the morals of *any one who is dignified with the title of Saint*, in those ignorant ages.'

When victimizing Pope Gregory, or Augustine, or Lafranc, Hume knew he was on the safe side, and that his readers would go with him; but what, if, by a strange contingency, some individual thoroughly besotted and perverted by faith, should happen to be a popular favorite? Now it does so happen that Hume, by the pressure from

without, feels himself under the awkward and imperative obligation of joining in the homage universally rendered to an individual, holding a proud and eminent station in English history, but of whom it must be most truly said, that 'superstition' was the ruling passion. The materials for the biography of this bigot, are peculiarly ample. Not merely do the contemporary historians abound with minute details of his life and actions, but we possess also his own declarations of his sentiments, for he happens to have been an author, as well as a patron of literature. Moreover, as a royal author, he speaks in the public documents dictated by his own heart and mind. From these materials, so unusually trustworthy and abundant, and which form the sources of this sovereign's history, we can collect that he 'received every word uttered by the clergy as the most sacred oracles,' and 'admitted all their pretensions to superior sanctity.' 'Stupidly debased,' he was 'wholly given up to an abject and illiberal devotion.' In every trial, every emergency, this 'weak and superstitious prince trusted to supernatural assistance:' 'his whole mind was sunk into the lowest submission and abasement, and devoted to the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, and humility.' If there was any individual in whom, more than another, all the miserable absurdity of superstition is thus exemplified, it is in this prince. Yet, in spite of all this ignorance and folly, it was needful that Hume, if he wished to preserve the favour of his readers, should represent him—and it is *Alfred* of whom we are speaking—as 'the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a *sage or wise man*, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing;' and as 'the wisest and best prince that had ever adorned the annals of any nation.'

What, therefore, was to be done in this dilemma? How was *Alfred* to be rendered such a sage, such a wise man, as the philosopher could applaud? The process was quite easy. In Hume's very elaborate life of *Alfred*, which occupies one-fourth of the 'History of England' up to that period, he has *concealed every passage, every fact, every incident, every transaction, displaying that active belief in Christianity, which governed the whole tenor and course of Alfred's life*. The sedulous care which Hume has bestowed, in obscuring and deleting the memorials of *Alfred's Christianity*, may be

judged of by the three following specimens:—

'He usually divided his time into three portions: one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the despatch of business; a third, in study and devotion... and by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often laboured under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge and even to compose more books than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest labour and application, have, in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry.'

Without containing anything which is absolutely false, the above passages contain nothing which is true. *Alfred's* mind and exertions, according to the impression produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns: the regular distribution of his time was solely intended to enable him to combine the character of an active warrior and a vigilant sovereign with that of a literary student. Whereas the whole end and intent of *Alfred's* course of life, of which *one half* was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of the recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled, by God's appointment, to converse—to bear the crown as his cross; so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those labours and responsibilities which God had imposed.

'*Alfred* set apart a *seventh* portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the *ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries*. Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Mediterranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise.'

Who, in this narrative, could discover that *Alfred* set apart *one-half* of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty?\*

\* Stinted as we are for space, we cannot, as we should wish, bring before the reader the passages from the original writers, which would show how entirely all trustworthiness must be denied to Hume. In the following extracts, relating to the employment of *Alfred's* revenues, besides sup-



'Sensible that the people at all times, especially when their understandings are obstructed by ignorance and bad education, are not much susceptible of speculative instruction,

pressing the application of one-half to religious purposes, he has falsified the portion relating to the *expenditure upon the workmen*. Asser says nothing whatever of *monasteries*, in his account of the appropriation of the *building-third* of the secular portion of Alfred's revenue (being *one-sixth* of the whole revenue, and not *one-seventh*). This sixth was employed upon secular buildings, probably fortresses or bridges, or other public works; but as Hume might apprehend that some of his readers would recollect Alfred did found *two* monasteries of great celebrity, and repair many others, he has artfully introduced them as an incidental item in the general estimates of the expenditure.

'His ita definitis, solito suo more, intra semetipsum cogitabat, quid adhuc addere potuisset, quod plus placeret ad piam meditationem; non inaniter inceptum, utiliter inventa, utilius servata est: nam jamdudum in lege scriptum audierat, Dominum decimam sibi multipliciter redditurum promississe; atque fideliter servasse, decimamque sibi multipliciter redditurum fuisse. Hoc exemplo instigatus, et antecessorum morem volens transcendere, *dimidiam servitii sui partem*, diurni scilicet, et nocturni temporis; nec non etiam *dimidiam partem omnium* divitiarum, quæ annualiter ad eum cum justitia moderanter acquisitæ pervenire consueverant, Deo devote et fideliter toto cordis affectu, pius meditator se daturum spondit; quod et quantum potest humana discretio discernere et servare, subtiliter ac sapienter adimplere studuit. Sed ut solito suo more cautus evitaret, quod in alio divinæ Scripturæ loco cautum est; si recte efferas, recte autem non divides, peccas: quod Deo libenter devoverat, quo modo recte dividere posset, cogitavit: et, ut dixit Salomon, Cor regis in manu Domini, id est, consilium; consilio divinitus invento omnium unius cujusque anni censuum successum bifarie, primitus ministros suos dividere æqua lance imperavit.'

A very interesting account of the application of the first third of the half amongst his soldiery and household being given, the coeval historian proceeds:—

'Talibus itaque primam de tribus prædictis partibus partem, unicuique tamen secundum propriam dignitatem, et etiam secundum proprium ministerium largiebatur: secundam autem *operatoribus*, quos ex multis gentibus collectos et comparatos propemodum innumerabiles habebat in omni tereno *ædificio edoctos*; tertiam autem ejusdem partem advenis ex omni gente ad eum advenientibus, longe propeque positis, et pecuniam ab illo exigentibus, etiam et non exigentibus, unicuique secundum propriam dignitatem mirabili dispensatione laudabiliter, et (sicut scriptum est, Hilarum dorem diligit Deus) hilariter impendebat.

'Secundam vero partem omnium divitiarum suarum, quæ annualiter ad eum ex omni censu perveniebant, et in fisco reputabantur (sicut jam paulo ante commemoravimus) plena voluntate Deo devovit, et in quatuor partibus etiam curioso suos ministros illam dividere imperavit; ea conditione, ut prima pars illius divisionis pauperibus uniuscujusque gentis, qui ad eum veniebant, discretissime erogaretur: memorabat etiam in hoc, quantum

Alfred endeavoured to convey his morality by apologues, parables, stories, apophthegms, couched in poetry; and besides propagating amongst his subjects former compositions of that kind which he found in the Saxon tongue, he exercised his genius in inventing works of like nature, as well as in translating from the Greek the elegant fables of Æsop. He also gave Saxon translations of Orosius and Bede's histories; and of Boethius, concerning the Consolations of Philosophy.'

In this enumeration of the works produced by Alfred, or under his direction, Hume, extracting from Spelman's Life, in which the catalogue is complete, quietly *leaves out all* such as are contaminated by Christianity. All Alfred's translations of the Pastoral of St. Gregory—the Dialogues of the same Pope—the Soliloquies of St. Augustine—the Psalms—several other portions of the Bible—and his 'Hand Book'—(selections from the Scriptures, with commentaries and reflections), constantly borne about him—and to which he added at every interval of leisure, even in the midst of his secular employments. The whole object of Alfred's instruction was intended for the diffusion, not of literature in its modern sense, but of such portions of human knowledge as might be rendered subservient to faith. Hume, by repainting Alfred's portrait in coarse and gaudy colors, has thus daubed out all the characteristics of Alfred's individuality—his religious foundations, his devotional charity—his labors for the diffusion of the Scriptures—his constant seeking comfort and support from divine truth—his bodily penances and mortifications—and, above all, that, as king and legislator, Alfred entirely based his laws upon the Bible, declaring to his people that immutable truth which *no* other king or legislator has been sufficiently enlightened to proclaim, that if they obeyed the pre-

humana discretio custodire poterat, illius sancti Papæ Gregorii observandam esse sententiam, qua discretam mentionem dividendæ eleemosynæ ita dicens agebat: Nec parvum cui multum: nec multum cui parvum: nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil. Secundam autem duobus monasteriis, quæ ipse fieri imperaverat, et servientibus in his Deo (de quibus paulo ante latius disseruimus); tertiam scholæ (*Oxford University*?) quam ex multis suæ propriæ gentis nobilibus studiosissime congregaverat; quartam circum finitimis in omni Saxonia et Mercia monasteriis, et etiam quibusdam annis per vicis in Britannia et Cornubia, Gallia, Armorica, Northymbria, et aliquando etiam in Hybernia, ecclesiis et servis Dei inhabitantibus secundum possibilitatem suam aut ante distribuit, aut sequenti tempore erogare proposuit, vita sibi et prosperitate salva.—Asser, 64—67.

cepts of Almighty God, no other law would be required. Read Alfred's character as it is presented by Hume to the reader, particularly to the youthful reader, and the 'sovereign, the warrior, the politician, and the patron of literature,' becomes the counterpart of Frederick of Prussia, whose epithet of 'the Great' is the very curse of the kingdom over which he ruled.

Yet one proof more must be given of Hume's falsification of history, resulting from his inveterate hostility against religion. Relating not to the 'dark ages,' but to a period near and familiar, it will best enable the readers of Hume to comprehend and abhor the deceptions practised upon them by their philosopher and guide. As the moral fraud—for to call it a literary fraud would be far too lenient a designation—which he has perpetrated in his narrative of the death of Charles I., possesses singular interest, and has been wholly unnoticed and undetected, we shall lay the evidence before our readers as fully as the limits of this publication will admit, in order that they may judge for themselves.

Hume quotes, as his groundwork, Herbert's 'Memoirs,' which he consulted carefully; the copy he used being in the Advocates' library, and containing his pencil marks; and Walker's 'History of Independency.'—But he does *not* quote Lloyd's 'History,' Whitelocke's 'Memorials,' and Warwick's 'Memoirs,' from whence he derived the most important passages relating to the king's interview with his children, and his conduct upon the scaffold, including his dying speech; and we cannot think that this suppression of references is the result of accident. We give the *whole* of Hume's narrative in continuity; and request our readers will take the trouble to read it attentively, and then to read the authorities, to which *we* have made reference in Hume's text, with equal attention. From the latter we have extracted all the most important passages.

#### HUME'S NARRATIVE.

(I.)—'Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion.'

(II.)—'All his family that remained in England, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than

an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

(III. IV.)—'To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very stedfastly upon him. "Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! and thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

(V. VI.)—'Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day (30th Jan.) he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

(VII. VIII.)—'The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament; but was more inclined to think



that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven: and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory."—"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a traitor!*

#### HUME'S AUTHORITIES.

(I.) 'The king, at the rising of the Court, was with a guard of halberdiers returned to White-hall in a close chair, through King-street, both sides whereof had a guard of foot-soldiers, who were silent as his majesty pass'd. But shop-stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices pray'd for the king, who through the privy-garden was carried to his bed-chamber; whence, after two hours space, he was removed to St. James's. . . .

'The king now bidding farewell to the world, his whole business was a serious preparation for death, which opens the door unto eternity; in order thereunto, he laid aside all other thoughts, and spent the remainder of his time in prayer and other pious exercises of devotion, and in conference with that meek and learned Bishop Dr. Juxon, who, under God, was a great support to him in that his afflicted condition; and resolving to sequester himself so, as he might have no disturbance to his mind, nor interruption to his meditations, he order'd Mr. Herbert to excuse it to any that might have the desire to visit him. . . .

'At this time also came to St. James's Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Carryl, Mr. Dell, and some other London-Ministers, who presented their duty to the king, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other offices of service, if his Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em. The king return'd them thanks for their love to his soul, hoping that they, and

all other his good subjects, would, in their addresses to God, be mindful of him. But in regard he had made choice of Dr. Juxon (whom for many years he had known to be a pious and learned divine, and able to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, suitable to his present condition), he would have none other. These ministers were no sooner gone, but Mr. John Goodwyn (minister in Coleman-street) came likewise upon the same account, to tender his service, which the king also thank'd him for, and dismiss'd him with the like friendly answer. . . .

'That evening, Mr. Seamour (a gentleman then attending the Prince of Wales in his bed-chamber), by Colonel Hacker's permission, came to his Majesty's bed-chamber door, desiring to speak with the King from the Prince of Wales; being admitted, he presented his Majesty with a letter from his Highness the Prince of Wales, bearing date from the Hague the 23d day of January -48. (Old Stile.) Mr. Seamour, at his entrance, fell into a passion, having formerly seen his Majesty in a glorious state, and now in a dolorous; and having kiss'd the king's hand, clasp'd about his legs, lamentably mourning. Hacker came in with the gentleman and was abash'd. But so soon as his Majesty had read his son's sorrowing letter, and heard what his servant had to say, and imparted to him what his Majesty thought fit in return, the Prince's servant took his leave, and was no sooner gone but the king went to his devotion, Dr. Juxon praying with him, and reading some select chapters out of sacred Scripture.—Herbert, p. 117.

(II.) 'Morning being come, the Bishop was early with the king, and after prayers his Majesty broke the seals open, and shew'd them what was contain'd in it; there were diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. You see (said he) all the wealth now in my power to give my two children. Next day Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother, came to take their sad farewell of the king their father, and to ask his blessing. This was the 29th of Jan. The princess being the elder, was the most sensible of her royal father's condition, as appear'd by her sorrowful look and excessive weeping; and her little brother seeing his sister weep, he took the like impression, though by reason of his tender age, he could not have the like apprehension. The king rais'd them both from off their knees; he kiss'd them, gave them his blessing, and setting them on his knees, admonish'd them concerning their duty and loyal observance to the queen their mother, the prince that was his successor, love to the Duke of York, and his other relations. The king then gave them all his jewels, save the George he wore, which was cut in an onyx with great curiosity, and set about with 21 fair diamonds, and the reverse set with the like number; and again kissing his children, had such pretty and pertinent answers from them both, as drew tears of

joy and love from his eyes; and then *praying God Almighty to bless 'em*, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was this parting, the young princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to pity, that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the king return'd hastily from the window, and kiss'd 'em and bless'd 'em; so parted.

'This demonstration of a pious affection exceedingly comforted the king in this his affliction; so that in a grateful return *he went immediately to prayer*, the good bishop and Mr. Herbert being only present.'—*Herbert*, p. 125.

(III.) 'His (the king's) last words being taken in writing, and communicated to the world by the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, a lady of most eminent endowments, who though born to the supreamest fortune, yet lived in continual tears, and died confined at Carisbrook (whither her father was cheated) in the Isle of Wight—are to this effect:—

'A True Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the Day before his death.

'His children being come to meet him, he first gave his blessing to the Lady Elizabeth, and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign, and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the King to her, "Sweet-heart, you'll forget this." "No," said she, "I shall never forget it, whilst I live;" and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write down the particulars. Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, "Sweet heart, now they will cut off thy father's head;" upon which words the child looking very stedfastly at him, "Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers do live, for they will cut off your brothers' heads, when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them." At which the child sighing, said, "I will be torn in pieces first;" which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoice exceedingly.'

'Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth's own hand.

'What the king said to me, Jan. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see him; He told me he was glad I was come; and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he

feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that it would be a glorious death that he should dye, it being for the laws and liberties of this land *and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion*. He bid me read "*Bishop Andrews' Sermons*," "*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*," and "*Bishop Laud's Book against Fisher*," which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

'Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them, for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and desired me not to grieve for him, for he should dye a Martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been, if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

(Signed) ELIZABETH.'

—*Lloyd's Life of Charles I.*, 215.

(IV.) 'That day the Bishop of London, after prayers, preached before the King; his text was the second chapter of the Romans, and sixteenth verse; the words are, "At that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," &c., inferring from thence, that although God's judgments be for some deferred, he will nevertheless proceed to a strict examination of what is both said and done by every man; yea, the most hidden thoughts and imaginations of men will most certainly be made to appear at the day of judgment; when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be upon his high tribunal; all designs, tho' conceal'd in this life, shall then be plainly discovered; he then proceeded to the present sad occasion, and after that, administered the Sacrament. That day the king eat and drank very sparingly, most part of the day being spent in prayer and meditation; it was some hours after night, e'er Dr. Juxon took leave of the king, who willed him to be early with him the next morning.

'After the Bishop was gone to his lodging, the king continu'd reading and praying more than two hours after. The king commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his bed-side upon a pallet, where he took small rest, that being the last night his gracious sovereign and master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the king for four hours, or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awak-



ing about two hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great cake of wax set in a silver bason, that then, as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep; but calling him, bad him rise; "For," said his Majesty, "I will get up, having a great work to do this day;" however, he would know why he was so troubled in his sleep? He reply'd, "May it please your Majesty, I was dreaming." "I would know your dream," said the king; which being told, his Majesty said, "It was remarkable. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to day as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He then appointed what cloaths he would wear; "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," said the king, "by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd."

"These, or words to this effect, his Majesty spoke to Mr. Herbert, as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, precisely at the time his Majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, humbly beg'd his Majesty's pardon, if he had at any time been negligent in his duty, whilst he had the honour to serve him. The king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not impos'd upon him, but by his Majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had serv'd him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his Majesty also delivered him his Bible, in the margin whereof he had with his own hand writ many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it the Prince so soon as he returned; repeating what he had enjoined the Princess Elizabeth, his daughter, that he would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother (to whom his Majesty writ two days before by Mr. Seymour), affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him their sovereign; and for as much as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave the world, he had advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigour; and, as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion, that it is of Apostolique institution, and in this kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, pray'd God to vouchsafe him, both in reference to Church and State, a pious and a discerning spirit; and that it was his last and earnest request, that he would frequently read the Bible, which in all the time of his affliction had been his best instructor and delight; and to meditate upon what he read; as also such other books as might improve his knowledge. . . . .

'He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give to the Princess Elizabeth "*Doctor Andrews' Sermons*," "*Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit*," which book (the king said) would ground her against Popery, and "*Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*." To the Duke of Gloucester, "*King James's Works*," and "*Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*."—Herbert, p. 126.

(V.) 'His Majesty then bade him withdraw; for he was about an hour in private with the Bishop; and being call'd in, the Bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The king, after the service was done, ask'd the Bishop "If he had made choice of that Chapter, being so applicable to his present condition?" The Bishop reply'd, "May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper lesson for the Day, as appears by the Kalendar;" which the King was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day.

'So as his Majesty, abandoning all thoughts of earthly concerns, continued in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying, "He was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, being, with the Kingly Prophet, shut up in the hands of his enemies; as is expressed in the 31st Psalm, and the 8th verse."—Herbert, p. 132.

(VI.) 'The Chapter of the day fell out to be that of the Passion of our Saviour, wherein it was mentioned that they led him away for envy and crucified their king, which he thought had been the Bishop's choosing; but when he found it was the Canon of the Rubric, he put off his hat, and said to the Bishop, "God's will be done."—Warwick's Memoirs, p. 385.

(VII.) 'Upon the king's right hand went the Bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, with whom his Majesty had some discourse by the way; Mr. Herbert was next the king; after him the Guards. In this manner went the king through the Park; and coming to the stair, the king passed along the galleries unto his bed-chamber, where, after a little repose, the Bishop went to prayer; which being done, his Majesty bid Mr. Herbert bring him some bread and wine, which being brought, the king broke the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret-wine, and then was some time in private with the Bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. Mean time his Majesty told Mr. Herbert which satin night-cap he would use, which being provided, and the king at private prayer, Mr. Herbert address'd himself to the Bishop, and told him, "The king had ordered him to have a white satin nightcap ready, but he was not able to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer the

king." The good Bishop bid him then give him the cap, and wait at the end of the Banqueting-House, near the scaffold, to take care of the king's body; "for," said he, "that, and his interment, will be our last office."—*Herbert*, p. 134.

(VIII.) "I think it my duty, to God first and to my country, for to clear myself both as an honest man and a good king, and a good Christian. I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly render an account, that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges. As to the guilt of those enormous crimes which are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are upon me. For to show you that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man," pointing to Dr. Juxon, "that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those who have been the chief causes of my death: who they are God knows, I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. I pray God with Saint Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Sirs, to put you in the right way, believe it you will never do right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give him his due. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture. A national synod, freely called, freely debating amongst themselves, must do this. I declare before you all that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my fathers."—*Whitelock's Memorials*, p. 375.

Has the reader performed our injunction? Has he compared Hume with the original authorities; and will not the comparison convince him, that Hume's narrative, tranquil, clear, and pathetic—unquestionably possessing a very high degree of rhetorical merit—persuasive without the show of argument, solemn without affectation, dignified without grandiloquence, the more impressive from its apparent simplicity—combines every species of untruth: the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*, and the fallacy, more efficient, because less susceptible of detection, than either—the artificial light thrown on peculiar incidents, for the purpose of disguising others by comparative shade?

But now we must venture to impose a second injunction. In order to test the effect which this wonderful piece of sophistry is intended to produce, read Hume again, compare Hume with Hume, and throw yourself into the mind of a student required by the examination-paper, to 'Give the religious and moral character of Charles I. as exemplified in his death; and state the reasons of your opinion as deduced from the

work of Hume.' Then pause, and decide whether the following answer does not contain the opinions which Hume has taught you to deduce and to form.

#### RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CHARACTER OF CHARLES I. AS DEDUCED FROM HUME.

'That the virtue of Charles I. was in some degree tinctured by superstition, cannot be denied; but whilst the elegant historian, whom we deservedly consider as the soundest champion of monarchy, most candidly admits this tendency as the chief defect of the king's character, it is equally evident that the blemish existed only in the smallest degree, so as to be an evanescent quantity, scarcely to be discerned. Possibly nothing more than the doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense of judgment, naturally resulting from our most accurate scrutiny into religion.

'Consider the manner in which Charles passed the three awful days allowed to him between his sentence and his execution. Lay your hand upon your heart, and, after giving the most serious consideration to the natural history of religion, as exemplified in the whole history of the human race, declare whether you can think that the king's conviction approached in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governed him in the common affairs of life. He now avowed by his acts the doubts he entertained; and fully showed, that, whatever assent his outward demeanor may at any previous time have given to the doctrines of superstition, it was an unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching much nearer to the former than to the latter. Charles, in the awful hour of death, never betrayed any weakness which a philosopher would despise.

'When dissolution is brought on by the ordinary course of malady or the decay of nature, the last symptoms which the intellect discovers are disorder, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity, the forerunners of the annihilation of the soul; and it is then always most susceptible of religious fictions and chimeras. The griefs and afflictions which Charles had sustained, the horror of a public execution, might have troubled his mind even more than pain or sickness; yet—instead of making any of the preparations suggested by popular credulity, whether nursed by superstition or inflamed by fanaticism, as the means of appearing an unknown and vindictive being—the main, and, as it should seem, almost the only object which occupied his thoughts, was securing the succession of the throne to his son, by the prerogative right of primogeniture. On the morning of his execution, during his most pathetic interview with his infant children, his mind was wholly engrossed by that object. Young as these infants were, he would, had religious conviction predominated over doubt,



have endeavored, at such a solemn moment, to impress on their tender hearts some notions of the faith which has been ascribed to him. No such effort was made by him. Equally removed from superstition and fanaticism, he may have endeavored to comfort them by the usual commonplaces; but he received them without a blessing, and dismissed them for ever without a prayer.

Indeed, there are no incidents in the life of the King that more strongly mark the noble independence of his mind, than the minuter circumstances attending this, the most affecting passage in his history. One of his own chaplains, Hammond, had been remarkable for his diligence in catechising youth, that is to say, instructing them in the nonsense which passed for religion.—Did Charles deem it right to enable his infant boy, the Duke of Gloucester, to obtain any perplexing knowledge of such absurdities? No! Charles wholly discarded it.—The Princess Elizabeth was a child endowed with judgment beyond her years, and capable of appreciating any advice which he might have bestowed, and of understanding the doctrinal works advocating the theological extravagances then so much in vogue. But when any man of sense takes up a volume of divinity, what are the questions which he asks?—Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it contains nothing but sophistry and illusion. So thought Charles, now that intellect asserted her full empire. Of these writers, many were familiarly known to Charles, both through their works and his personal connexion with the men; and he had quoted them with sufficient point, when he could employ their arguments against his political enemies. But what was his conduct now?—Did he attempt to strengthen the religious obedience of his child by recommending to her the sophistries of Hooker? No.—Did he teach her to seek consolation in the superstitions of Andrews? No.—With philosophical contempt he rejected them all.

Indeed many men of sense might think that Charles carried his indifference almost too far, considering the need of conciliating the predominant opinions of the vulgar. The mere suspicion of being inclined to the Popish superstition had been most calamitous to him; and he was now consigning his children to the care of a mother zealously affected to that superstition, and yet without bestowing the slightest caution against the errors which she might instil into their minds. But it will be answered, Was it to be expected that Charles, with his dying breath, would adopt any course which might diminish the affection of his children towards the wife whom he so tenderly loved, or encourage them to depreciate the parent whom he taught them to respect and honor? Certainly not; but, had he been

sincere in his religious convictions—and let it be recollected, that the great lesson to be derived from the contemplation of the death of Charles I. is the absence of any practical influence possessed by religious tenets—he might have afforded the most efficient caution to his children, without expressing the slightest want of confidence in their mother, or even mentioning her name. Amongst the works of Laud is his celebrated reply to Fisher, which all zealots must consider as the most cogent refutation of Popery ever produced; for whilst the crafty archbishop annihilates his antagonist, he never uses any argument which could be employed against the superstition of the Church of England by the fanatics; yet Charles, anxious, no doubt, that his children should be preserved, as far as possible, from the contagion of all religious opinions, never even alluded to a book which might have influenced their conscience in favor of any positive belief.

On the scaffold, his dying words contained a most earnest exhortation to his subjects to pay obedience to his son as their lawful king. Whilst he thus employed the last moments of his existence in laboring to support the royal prerogative, by the sympathy which his fate excited amongst his bitterest enemies, he purposely, deliberately, and advisedly abstained from any expression or exhortation displaying any attachment or feeling of duty towards the Church, for which he had contended so earnestly, when its interests were connected with the rights of the crown.

The total want of any allusion to the late established religion is most remarkable. The more we investigate the character of Charles as delineated by Hume, the more shall we be confirmed in the opinion that his superstition had now entirely passed away; at least not a trace of it can be found in Hume's accurate narrative. The only incident which might tend to show that Charles had the slightest recollection of the Church of England, any veneration for its priesthood, is the circumstance that Bishop Juxon assisted him in some species of devotion when on the scaffold. Yet, as far as we can discover from the conduct of Charles, he justly regarded priests as the invention of a timorous and abject superstition. Rejecting the foundation of a priesthood, the absurd superstructure of an apostolic succession would of course fall to the ground. We have no reason to suppose that Bishop Juxon was chosen by the king, or that Charles would not equally have accepted of what were then termed spiritual consolations from the fanatical ministers, or indeed that he required any religious consolation at all. It was only in the capacity of a *friend* that the bishop paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign. In every respect the conduct of Charles, in repudiating all adherence to the superstitions of the Church of England, was calm and solid. The period of dissimulation had passed by. Whatever ridicule may, by a

philosophical mind, be thrown upon pious ceremonies, they are unquestionably advantageous to the rude multitude; and upon that ground, no doubt, Charles I. had so strenuously contended for the share of popish ceremonies which the Church of England, as is well known, had retained. They were now wholly and entirely cast off. Charles discarded all the mummary of a liturgy, all the solemn farces of lessons and gospels, rubrics and set forms of prayer; and freeing himself from all superstitious influences, he disdained to partake of the Communion which, according to the rites of the Church of England, he was enjoined to have sought in his dying hour.

No philosophical mind can doubt the origin of the works which superstition and fanaticism equally receive as the production of those who have been tempted to appear as prophets or ambassadors from Heaven: books presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Charles fully appreciated the insufficiency of such testimony. We have the strongest proofs that he never entered into the delusion, from the marked circumstance, that, during the three days which, as before mentioned, were allowed him between his sentence and his execution, an interval which he passed in great tranquillity, the Scriptures, as they are called, were never in his hands; nor did he, according to the practice of all religionists, whether guided by superstition or fanaticism, seek any comfort in his afflictions from a book so contrary to human reason. Charles neither saw the Bible, nor heard the Bible, nor read the Bible, nor touched the Bible, nor expressed any belief in the Bible, nor recommended the Bible to his children or his friends. Do we need any stronger proof that Charles was a philosopher in the fullest sense of the term? His devotions, as we must style them according to the conventional language of society, appear to be nothing more than that reverence which every philosopher renders to the hypothesis by which he endeavors to account for the unalterable and immutable order of the universe. His allusions to passing from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place, if they mean any thing beyond a species of rhetorical play upon words, only imply that he contemplated the eternal rest of annihilation. For they were wholly detached from any other expressions implying any belief in a future state. Charles may have admitted its possibility, but nothing more. And how could it be otherwise? Even at this day, the Christian religion cannot be believed by any reasonable person without a miracle; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. This miracle was not work-

ed in Charles; and he died without making the slightest, the most remote, the most transient profession of Christianity.\*

Such, then, are the inferences intended to be deduced by Hume, who, in his most dishonest statement, has, as will be seen by comparison with his sources, purposely omitted every historical memorial or record testifying either the king's allegiance to the Church, or his unshaken faith as a Christian. Charles truly suffered death for the belief that Christianity, according to the profession of the Church of England, was the fundamental law of the state, unchangeable by any political or constitutional power, being an obligation contracted with the Almighty, from which he could not be absolved by any human authority. Let it further be remarked, that, whilst Hume falsifies the narrative by expunging *all* the particulars teaching the reader to profit by the religious sentiments of the monarch, he endeavors to excite a factitious sympathy, by the false and theatrical representation of the king's hearing the noise of the scaffold, which authentic accounts entirely disapprove.\* And, for the same purpose of effect, whilst Hume gives to the interview with the children more prominence of detail than its *relative importance* requires, he suppresses that portion of the king's advice which *most peculiarly discloses the mind of the dying father*, namely, the recommendation made by Charles of *Hammond, Hooker, Andrews, and Laud*, as the expositors of the doctrines of that *Protestant Church* of England, for which *he and Laud* equally died as martyrs.

Detrimental as Hume may be, when speaking his own sentiments in his own book, the evil which he effects in person is small when compared to the diffusion of his irreligion, by those who are frequently unconscious of the mischief which they perpetrate;—we mean the writers who have been guided by him in what is at this day the most important branch of our literature—the numerous compilers of educational works; and, in order that our readers may pursue the inquiry for themselves, we wish them to consult three of the most popular histories of this class, Keightley, Gleig, and Markham; and selecting the death of

\* This has been done so effectually by Mr. Brodie, and by Mr. Laing, that it is unnecessary to go into further particulars.



Charles I., judge for themselves whether this event—of all others in our annals, the most interesting to the imagination—has been presented by those writers to the rising generation in such a tone or spirit as to inculcate any dutiful affection towards the Church, or aid the parent in bringing up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

These three writers may in some measure elucidate the manner in which Hume's influence has operated upon his successors, according to their individual characters and opportunities. Mr. Keightley, a man of considerable diligence and energy, has been taught by Hume's scepticism to *boast* that he 'belongs to no sect or party in religion or politics;' hence he gives only 'a moderate preference to the Church of England, without taking upon him to assert that it absolutely is the best;' and the same indifference has caused him, in his *Outlines of history*, to obtrude upon youth some of the most offensive doctrines which German neology can afford. In the death of Charles, all he finds edifying is that *Hugh Peters* prayed for him!

Mr. Gleig is an amiable and most pleasing writer; when he works freely upon his own ground, speaks his own sentiments, and embodies his own observations, he produces narratives of rare and unaffected vigor and elegance;\* but when he is tempted to put on the sleeves and apron of a bookmaker, his genius deserts him. He is above such work, and goes about it accordingly. The circumstances under which he produced his '*Family History*,' as a mere bespoken task, to be put on the list of a Society, rendered it, we can suppose, needful that he should take what he found most ready at hand. He perhaps went a step beyond Hume; but the only word of instruction which he can insert in the narrative of the death of the royal martyr, is the dry historical fact, that Charles avowed himself a member of the Protestant Church of England. There is nothing positively wrong in Mr. Gleig's work—but, out of sight, out of mind; Christian knowledge is as diligently weeded out from this '*Family History*' as Hume himself could desire.

Yet perhaps the strongest case of the treacherous seductions of Hume, is to be found in Mrs. Markham's history. We do

not in the least doubt, from a close examination of the work, that when the author began it for the use of her own children, she resorted at once to the historian whom she had been taught to consider as her philosopher and guide. From her father, the inventor of the power-loom, she may have heard the name of Adam Smith mentioned with the highest honor; and Adam Smith, in the letter prefixed to the *History*, has told *her*—as he tells *our* children, if we place Hume in their hands—that Hume's character approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit; and therefore there is hardly any portion of the work in which the professors of religion are mentioned, into which the sentiments of Hume are not infused. These passages are fortunately not numerous; and we do most earnestly hope that, if a production, in many respects so useful, and which has obtained so much currency, should come to another edition, they may be *all* modified or expunged.

Hume has been, and is still, valued by many, as a defender of monarchical principles; but his support kills the root of loyalty. By advocating the duty of obedience to the Sovereign, simply with reference to human relations, he deprives allegiance of the only sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume—for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other name—may render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald aggressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his foul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishments are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the

\* We are pleased to notice '*The Light Dragon*' of the present season, as entirely worthy of the pen that wrote '*The Subaltern*,' and the '*Narrative of the American Campaign in 1814*.'

ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud, it is pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapors, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes and fortunes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopher—the foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty—strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death—

*Per me si va nella città dolente,  
Per ma si va nel eterno dolore,  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—  
. . . Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate'*

### MRS. HOPE, THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

#### A NEW SONG.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,  
For more than twenty years.

YOUNG.

MRS. HOPE, the Fortune-teller,  
Call'd on me when I was young,  
"You," she cried, "will be a dweller  
All the great and wise among.  
On your shoulders fortune thrust is—  
Honors more than I can tell—"  
Mrs. Hope, to do her justice,  
Really talks extremely well.

First, she cried, "You're devilish clever,  
Push for fame and pocket pelf,  
Write a play and lay for ever  
Billy Shakspeare on the shelf."  
'Twas done—the curtain rose, I nearly  
Felt the laurels deck my brow—  
Duce a bit, I wish sincerely  
Mrs. Hope had heard the row.

Eloquence, at her suggestion,  
Conscious too that I possess'd,  
I, on some important question,  
Soon the sovereign mob address'd.  
Strange to say, such storms assail'd me,  
Showers of worse than hail or rain,  
All my elocution fail'd me,—  
Mrs. Hope was out again.

Whisp'ring then my wondrous merit  
Claim'd at court a leading place,  
I at length contrived to ferret  
First my Lord, and then his Grace.  
Much they said conceit to soften—  
Promises they made a few—  
Mrs. Hope, great people often  
Humbug fools as well as you.

Oft she vow'd the sex adored me,  
Conquering all where'er I chose,  
Husbands, lovers, tho' they bored me,  
Ne'er could such a smile oppose.  
Yet I scored by wives and misses,  
When I came to count my game,  
Quite as many kicks as kisses—  
Mrs. Hope, oh! fie, for shame!

Wedded bliss, she now reported,  
I should taste serene and true;  
Trusting still, I proudly courted  
Quite a stylish black-eyed blue.  
Though the fair could not refuse me,  
What the sort of wife she made,  
If you wish to know, excuse me—  
Mrs. Hope's a cursed jade.

Thus with endless tarrididdles,  
Still the gipsy wins her way,  
Gulls us all, and fondly wheedles  
Shallow pates like mine astray.  
Fame and Fashion thus allure us,  
Lions, lords at routes to meet,  
Then blue devils come to cure us—  
Mrs. Hope is fairly beat.

Yet, old girl, on recollection,  
Why should I your tricks resent,  
Since I've form'd a new connexion—  
That sweet, modest maid, Content.  
Weary now of you and blarney,  
Snug with her I dwell secure,  
In my little *chambre garnie*,—  
Mrs. Hope *votre serviteur*.

### SONNET.

#### IMAGINATION.

From the Metropolitan.

HAIL! holy mother of each high desire  
For something better than life's little day;  
Thou, who canst wake man's soul to thoughts of  
fire,  
Thoughts that aye burn, though all things else  
decay,  
Throned in the mind, thou sit'st in majesty,  
Bright Poetry stands smiling at thy side;  
Thought's richest, fairest treasures round thee lie,  
And Nature's storehouse throws its portals wide!  
The stormy Passions thy behests obey,  
Fair Memory's loveliest daughters own thy sway,  
Round thee they dance and strew their wreaths  
of flowers,  
Pluck'd from the bosoms of the rosy Hours,  
E'en Grief feels calmer, more resigned at last,  
As thy bright wand unbars the portals of the Past



## THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A SCORE of reasons, at the very least, might easily be found to prove that it is a sin to make public any of the personal anecdotes and observations which we have all, more or less, the opportunity of making in private; there is a sort of treachery in doing so that can admit of no excuse or defence whatever, and most justly does it deserve the universal reprobation which attends it. Far distant, however, from any such offence is the office performed by the moral satirist, who, looking upon his fellow-mortals with an observant eye, and perceiving such faults or follies, not only in an individual, but in a class, as he thinks within reach of being cured or checked by the wholesome touch of ridicule, exerts all the power he has in applying it. It is true, indeed, that in performing this office, he may occasionally be accused, by those who feel themselves galled, of having been guilty of PERSONALITY. But the answer to this accusation is too obvious to escape the dullest, even if an apt, though homely proverb, were less certain to suggest itself as a reply.

In recently looking over a miscellaneous collection of old travelling notes, made at various times, and in various lands, I found such constantly repeated expressions of regret and vexation at the effect produced on the minds of all foreigners by the strange, and oftentimes offensive, manners of many among the multitudes of English travellers who thronged their cities, that I almost felt remorse at never having made public some of the offences and absurdities which had come under my own observation, and which tended to account for and justify the universal sentence of condemnation which has been passed upon English manners by every nation on the continent. But I well remember that all, or very nearly all, such observations were laid aside at the time they were written, because I feared that some of the sketches, however slightly drawn, might possibly be recognized by any one who happened to know what I had been doing, and where I had been. But my wanderings have now been so various, that this danger can exist no longer; yet, sorry I am to say, that what was truth on this subject several years ago, is truth still, and I think it not impossible that some good may be done by occasionally bringing before the eyes of the

thoughtless people who have brought this stigma upon us, some of the follies by which it has been occasioned. Did I believe that the English people as a nation, or even the majority of them, merited the odium which has been cast upon them, I should certainly not occupy my pen upon a theme at once so useless and so distasteful; but, knowing as I do, that such is not the fact, I am tempted to make an effort towards the reform of follies, which are not, as I conceive, of so hopeless a nature as to be given up as incurable. The mischief, for the most part arises from mere blunders and mistakes, which there is great reason to believe would be gladly avoided by those who fall into them, did they know a little better what they were about. Those who have travelled much, and still more, perhaps, those who have *resided* for a time in any of the continental capitals of Europe, must, I think, have observed how very much more conspicuous those English travellers, who are not of the most polished class of society, make themselves, than those who are. Any one residing for a twelvemonth in Paris, for instance, who would direct a little attention to this point, would be sure to find that, whereas hundreds of highly educated and refined people come and go without ever exciting a remark, or drawing upon themselves any disagreeable attention whatever, persons less educated, or less refined, can scarcely show themselves in any place of public resort, without attracting both eyes and ears, in a manner that cannot fail to establish for the English nation exactly such a reputation for *mauvais ton* as at this moment attaches to them. And thus it happens, *of necessity*, that the better specimens of our travelling countrymen form no antidote, in the popular judgment of the countries they visit, to the worse; for while the first pursue the noiseless tenor of their way without drawing upon themselves any popular attention at all, the last, amongst all the amusement they may chance to find, have perhaps no pleasure so great as that of being conscious that they are observed—that they are producing a great sensation—and that they are not leaving their gold behind them without the meed of being stared at as rich *milors*, who were of too much consequence at home to condescend to be decently civil and quiet abroad. Could these persons but hear, as I have done, the observations of those before whom they perform these tricks of noisy and consequential impertinence the evil would soon be cured,

for there are few who would not willingly submit to some restraint, or at any rate, to the same discipline of ordinary good breeding to which they yield themselves at home, rather than become the subject of remarks often as good natured as they are acute, and all tending to prove beyond the hope of a doubt, that the only delusion produced by their obtrusive swaggering, is that which causes them to be considered as the fair type of their countrymen, instead of a bad specimen of a small class. For it is a positive fact, that from the *gamin* who mutters his "got dem" upon the boulevard, to the individual of the very highest class, let it be who it may, whom they have the honor to encounter, there is not one who will blunder so egregiously as to mistake them for people of education.

But what makes this national judgment, both in France and elsewhere, the more provoking, is, that these very offenders are not a fair specimen even of themselves. How many respectable fathers and mothers, pretty daughters, and *learned* sons have I seen "at church and market," at the theatre, and in the chamber of peers, at the king's court, and at a restaurant of forty sous, who in all of these scenes, have assumed a sort of tone (*mauvais ton, sans contredit*), as unlike as possible, from what the very same persons would display in similar scenes at home. That this is a fact, no close observer will deny; but to account for it satisfactorily, is not easy. Sometimes I have been tempted to believe that it arises from the unwonted lightness of spirit, produced by the change of climate. On first breathing the clear bright atmosphere of France, almost every one seems to enjoy a sensation of *bien-être* from its influence. The animal spirits rise. The customary restraints imposed by the habits and manners of home, and the check produced by the presence of familiar eyes being withdrawn, the gay travellers become fantastic first, and then impertinent, and like children invited out without their governess, appear in the eyes of those they visit to have much worse manners than they ever exhibited at home.

It is impossible to witness this sort of display without mortification and regret, which is only increased by remembering how many amiable qualities, and how much genuine excellence, exist behind this provoking *chevaux-de-frise* of thoughtless folly.

It is said that a warning is better than an example; and if so, there may be use in stringing together some of the recollections

which bear upon this subject, and setting them, from time to time, before the eyes of my dear *compatriots*, so many of whom are daily taking wing to visit foreign lands, in which they would find it infinitely more pleasant to be liked than disliked.

I beg to observe, however, that although I shall set nothing down which has not a fact for a foundation, I shall take especial care to avoid every thing approaching to personality. Even my old note-book, as it lies in the original before me, might be read from the first page to the last, without throwing any light upon the questions "WHO?" and "WHERE?" The anecdotes stand isolated, and although they may recall to me, freshly enough, places and persons alike distant, I am quite sure that they could perform the same office to no one else, unless, indeed, it were the near and dear ones beside me when they occurred.

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"I wish you joy, Mrs. Roberts," said a tall, well-looking man of fifty, entering his drawing-room in Baker-street with rather a triumphant step; "I wish you joy, madam. The arrangements, respecting the disposal of the banking business are all concluded, and I am now a free man, and at liberty to indulge your long cherished wish to visit the continent."

The lady he thus addressed was his wife; she was of an age and appearance very suitable to his own, being about five years his junior, and having, like himself, the remains of considerable comeliness of feature. It is true that the lady was rather more *en bon point* than she would have wished, and the carnation of her once fine complexion had deepened into a coarser tint; nevertheless, she was still what many people would call a very fine looking woman, and in this judgment both herself and her husband joined.

"You have actually sold your share in the business, and have been permitted to withdraw your share of the capital, Mr. Roberts?" demanded the lady, clasping her large, fair, fat hands in an attitude of thanksgiving.

"I have actually sold my share of the business, and have excellent security for the price, as well as for my capital, and am to receive four per cent for the whole," he replied. "Thank God!" exclaimed his wife very fervently; "and now then for the amount?" "Why, my dear, it is a good



bit less than it would have been if you could have let me remain a few years longer in the business. However, I dare say we shall do very well, because of what you tell me about the cheapness of living abroad." "But what is it, Mr. Roberts? Pray don't beat about the bush in that way; you know I can't bear it." "I won't beat about the bush, my dear; I have no thought of the kind; but if you don't give me time to speak, you know, I can't tell you. I reckon that we shall have altogether, with your railroad shares, and the interest from your brother upon the mortgage, just about seven hundred a-year." "Seven, Mr. Roberts? Upon my life, I expected it would have been nearer seventeen. However, there is no need of your looking so terrified; I'll undertake to make seven hundred a-year abroad, go as far as three times the sum at home. Just let me have the management of it, and you will see that it will do very well. But I hope you have not forgotten my positive injunctions about securing a sufficient sum of ready money to pay the expenses of the journey? Remember, sir, I will have no forestalling of the income. I must have *that* from the very first, perfectly clear and unincumbered." "You know my dear, that I never forget what you say. Nicholson has promised to advance me three hundred on the furniture of this house," replied Mr. Roberts, "and I only wait for your orders about the time of setting out, in order to speak to an auctioneer about it."

"I would rather the sum had been five hundred, Mr. Roberts, a good deal rather. However, I am not going to find fault: altogether you have done very well; I only regret that I did not tell you to let me speak to Mr. Nicholson myself. But never mind, with my management I dare say I shall make it do."

"And about time, my dear," said her husband, greatly relieved by the degree of approval his statement had met with. "How soon do you think you should like to set off?"

"I must not be hurried, Mr. Roberts. I have a great deal to do, an immense deal to do, and all I can say is, that you may depend upon it I shall get through it all in about half the time that any body else would take. In the first place, you know, I have got to give notice to Edward that he is to leave Oxford immediately."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Roberts, I never heard you say any thing about that before," exclaimed her husband, the star-

tled blood mounting to his temples and his ears; "don't you intend to let him stay at Oxford till he has taken his degree?"

"Most decidedly not, Mr. Roberts," she replied. "If you knew a little better what you were talking about you would not ask such a question. Edward, with his extraordinary talents, has already had a great deal more time than was necessary for acquiring as much Greek and Latin as any body can want who is not intended for a schoolmaster, and I certainly do not mean that he shall lose any more time at it. Modern languages, Mr. Roberts, must now be added to the accomplishments for which he is already so remarkable. Modern languages and waltzing will render him as nearly perfect as it is within the reach of human nature to be. Say no more about his remaining at Oxford, if you please, for I feel it would irritate me."

Thus warned, Mr. Roberts attempted no further remonstrance on the subject, but pulled out his pocket handkerchief, blew his nose, and remained silent. "There, my dear, that will do now," said the lady, waving her hand; "I need not detain you any longer, and I have myself many things to do more profitable than talking."

"I will go this moment, my dear," replied her husband, "only I should like to know first how soon you think of setting off?"

"My dear Mr. Roberts, I must insist upon it that you do not persecute me any more with that question. Depend upon it you shall know in time to get yourself ready to accompany me. All you have to do at present is to get the money from Mr. Nicholson, and let me have it; and little enough it will be certainly; but I shall buy nothing till we get to Paris, and I must insist upon it that you implicitly comply with my wishes in this respect; I would not see you in an English coat or hat in Paris, for more than I'll say. There now, go my dear, and let me have leisure to think a little."

This conversation was followed by such a degree of activity on the part of Mrs. Roberts, that in less than a fortnight from the time it took place, herself and her whole family, consisting of her husband, her son, and her two daughters, were all safely stowed on board the Boulogne steamboat, and careering down the Thames. Of the younger branches of the Roberts family it will be necessary to say a few words before they are launched upon the ocean of Parisian gayety, in order to show distinctly

the effect which it produced upon them, and to be perfectly grammatical and correct, we will acknowledge the male to be more worthy than the female, and begin the family picture with a portrait of the son. He was a slight, small featured young man of twenty, certainly not ugly, for he resembled both his parents, and both were well-looking; but in him regularity of feature was almost a defect, for there was a preciseness of outline in nose, mouth, and chin, which, together with his carefully arranged hair, gave him a strong resemblance (though rather upon a small scale) to one of the pretty waxen young gentlemen exhibited in the window of a hair-dresser's shop. The young ladies were also very tolerably pretty; Miss Agatha, the eldest, being light haired, with a pretty mouth and brilliant complexion; and Miss Maria, the youngest, was more fortunate still, from being tall and well made, with a profusion of dark chestnut curls, and a very handsome pair of eyes. In short, the three young people formed a group of which their papa and mamma were exceedingly proud.

From the first hour in which Mrs. Roberts formed the project of taking her family abroad, her mind had been made up as to the tone and style in which they were to travel, and the station they were to hold in society in the different cities which it was her intention to visit. Her active and aspiring spirit had been laboring incessantly for the last two or three years, in endeavoring to improve her set of London acquaintance; she firmly believed that nature had formed her with abilities of so high an order as fully to justify her hopes of taking a place in the highest circles, as soon as her husband's earnest attention to business should have acquired for her an income sufficient to support her pretensions. She saw many bankers' ladies holding a place in society which would have fully satisfied her ambition, and she determined that as soon as her daughters left school, the family should remove from their residence in Bloomsbury square to a good house in a more fashionable part of the town. This she had achieved by means of a domineering temper, and a steadfast will, although her somewhat more prudent husband hinted that he thought they had better wait a little longer before they made a move; but his doubts and scruples were all silenced by the irresistible arguments with which she proved that if her daughters were "brought

out" in Bloomsbury square, they would never afterwards take their proper station in society. But Mrs. Roberts was a sanguine, ardent-minded woman, and the process of improving her circle of acquaintance proved slower than she expected. But who is there from Whitechapel to Belgrave-square who has not the advantage of having some friends and relations who have been abroad? Mrs. Roberts had many; and though she had listened with much indifference to all the information they were ready to give as long as London continued to be the theatre of her hopes, their boastful narratives became interesting as soon as those hopes began to fade. No sooner had the idea of passing a few years abroad suggested itself than every other project was forgotten, and so well did she know how to work upon the not unambitious spirit of her husband, that, in less than a year after the idea had first occurred to her, she found herself in the triumphant situation above described.

As Mrs. Roberts' chief object was to ensure for herself and her family the inestimable advantages of superior society, it will readily be imagined that she had not neglected the necessary task of inculcating her views and principles on the minds of her children, and she had for years enjoyed the inexpressible gratification of perceiving that there was not one of them whose young spirit did not kindle at her lessons; so that the path before her, important as it was, seemed really strewn with flowers. She felt, happy mother! that their hearts beat in unison with her own, and that she should only have to say "do this," or "look thus," in order to insure the most willing and prompt obedience.

As soon as they reached the deck of the steamboat, Mrs. Roberts took the arm of her husband, and walked with great dignity to a seat which she considered to be the best on board, signifying to her son and daughters that they were to place themselves on a bench opposite. Their only travelling attendant was a tall footman in a showy livery, and as soon as the party was seated he was ordered to seek footstools for the three ladies. Just as he had succeeded in obeying this command two quiet-looking girls, in dresses which had nothing to recommend them save their being particularly well adapted for the scene and the season, placed themselves on the same bench with the Miss Roberts' and their brother; but in the next moment they were



all disturbed by the approach of two or three men employed in putting up an awning. "Take care of your head," cried one of the plainly dressed young strangers, addressing Miss Roberts, who profited by the warning without acknowledging it, and in a few minutes the awning was arranged, and the party restored to the quiet possession of their seats.

"What a comfort!" exclaimed the same young lady, addressing Miss Roberts, looking, as she did so, too full of youth and enjoyment to be aware of the immense liberty she was taking with a young lady so elegantly dressed as to be much more fit for a drive in the park than a voyage on the Thames. But whatever sensations of happiness Miss Roberts might feel, they were not of a nature so completely to overcome all her preconceived notions of what she owed to herself, as to induce her to reply in any way to the unauthorized familiarity of her neighbour, neither did she turn her eyes towards her, but looking straightforward, exchanged a glance with her mamma, which very eloquently expressed all the annoyance she experienced at being exposed to a liberty so every way unauthorized.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Roberts, knitting her brows, and shaking her head with a look of mingled alarm and indignation. "Mr. Roberts," she added, "I must really beg you to change places with my daughters, I can easily make room for them both, and," lowering her voice a very little, "it will be quite a different thing if you and Edward are attacked."

The proposed change was instantly made, and the young ladies placed themselves one at each side of their mamma, with the happy look of recovered security, which an escape from danger naturally inspires. But the young ladies, in their hurry to escape from the freedom of manner which had so greatly annoyed them, had left their footstools behind, and one of the cotton-robed young ladies, though with a very innocent and unconscious look, almost immediately placed a foot upon one of them: Mrs. Roberts seemed greatly agitated.

"I really do wish," she said with every appearance of being deeply in earnest, "I really do wish that they would make the steamboats on a different plan. The division between deck and cabin passengers is by no means sufficient. Now, that all sorts and kinds of people go abroad, there really

ought to be some means of dividing them a little into classes."

"I am sure so do I," said Agatha.

"A capital idea, mamma! I wish you would set it going," added Maria.

"My dear Edward," said Mrs. Roberts, bending forward across the space, which divided the seat she occupied from that on which her son was gracefully lounging along a space that might have accommodated three, "I am excessively sorry to disturb you; for, happy creature, you really look as if you were going to sleep, and upon my word, under some circumstances, that is the best thing one can do. But I really must trouble you to call Stephen here."

The young man obeyed, and the tall footman again made his appearance.

"You must contrive to get us more footstools, Stephen," said his mistress, with sufficient distinctness to have been heard almost from the helm to the head of the vessel.

"I don't think I can get any more, ma'am," said the man; "for I have seen every one that was laid up in the heap carried away."

The young offender on the opposite bench immediately withdrew her feet, at the same time pushing forward the footstool, and making a slight action with her head, as she looked at the servant, to indicate that he was at liberty to remove it. The man did so, and placed it beneath the feet of Miss Agatha.

"You must contrive to find another, Stephen," resumed Mrs. Roberts, in her most decisive tone. "Miss Maria cannot sit without a footstool."

The two young girls who had innocently been the cause of all this trouble, were either unconscious that their dresses concealed the wished-for accommodation, or thought that they had better not intrude any further civility upon their elegant fellow-travellers. Perhaps they began to feel not quite at their ease, for the beaming gaiety of their bright young faces seemed a little overcast, and instead of continuing to converse together concerning the fortunate fineness of the weather and the like, they both seemed occupied in looking about the deck, as if in search of some one they expected to see there. Nor did they, as it seemed, look in vain; for in the next moment, they both sprang up together and darted away to meet a gentleman, who from his age, and the manner in which he smilingly received one under each arm, pro-

claimed himself unmistakably to be their father. The very instant that their removal restored the coveted footstool to sight, Mrs. Roberts extended her own hand to seize upon it, exclaiming as she did so, "How extremely disagreeable it is to meet with underbred people!"

This sentiment was very cordially echoed by her daughters, upon which Mrs. Roberts took occasion to observe that in the new mode of life which was now opening before them, they would find it highly necessary to assume and sustain a tone of manners differing very essentially from what was either necessary or desirable at home.

"And the reason for this," she continued, "is very obvious; while people remain in their own country, every body about them knows who and what they are, and there is neither good nor harm to be got by letting all that sort of thing take its course: but it is plain to see that when travelling abroad, a very different line of conduct becomes necessary. It is most probable, you know, that every body we meet will be strangers to us, and I should like to know how they are to find out that we are something above the common herd, unless we take care to make them feel it and know it by a little dignity and high spirit in our manner of going on? This must of course be equally necessary towards foreigners and English, and I beg to observe to you all, that it must never be lost sight of. I am quite certain that we are now in a situation to choose our own position in society, and this, it is very certain, that we never were before. Every body, you know, says that one pound on the continent will go as far as five in England, and we therefore have quite enough to place us in the very highest society, if we take care to conduct ourselves properly. Nor is this, I beg to observe, the only reason why it is necessary to behave, so as to give ourselves consequence in the eyes of those around us. Though a great many people of fashion come abroad, it is only too certain that a great many others come also, and just think what a business we should make of it, if, instead of keeping amongst the very highest set, as I hope and intend, we should any of us run up an intimacy with a parcel of people actually inferior, perhaps, to any that we should choose to speak to at home!"

The whole party, father, daughters, and son, listened to this harangue with the most earnest attention, and it was very evident

from the observations which fell from them in reply, that they one and all fully appreciated the justness of her reasoning.

"Well, thank God!" she said, after having listened to them all in turn, "I don't believe I have any fools to deal with amongst you, and that is an immense comfort when there is an important object in view. In fact, I know that we all think and feel pretty much alike as to the manner in which we should choose to go on, but as to the means, I know perfectly well that you must trust to me—and I am happy to say that you may do this safely, for depend upon it, I shall forget nothing. That letter now, for instance, to the embassy—who but I would ever have thought of making use of our good apothecary in such a business? But I will bet you what you please that we shall find Lady Carlton's letter quite as effectual as if she had written it to please the first duke in the land? Don't I know that an apothecary, as clever as Tomlinson is with children, may get what he likes from the parents, if he does but know how to ask for it?"

"It was a capital good thought of yours, my dear," said Mr. Roberts; "I am sure it would never have come into my head, if I had studied where to get an introduction, for a hundred years."

"Certainly, mamma understands all that sort of thing better than any one I ever heard of," said Agatha.

"I do not think we shall run much risk in trusting to her," observed Maria.

"Upon my soul, you are first rate, ma'am," added Mr. Edward, as he reconnoitered through a glass the different groups that occupied the deck; "but do you think, ma'am, there would be any indecorum in our moving about a little? I think we look rather musty-fusty sitting here altogether, as if we were afraid of all the people."

"Afraid of them in one sense, my dear Edward, it is very necessary we should be, as you must have perceived yourself since we came on board; but that is no reason why we should not walk about, if we like it. We can take care of ourselves, you know, whether we move, or remain stationary. I have no wish to make any of you timid, quite the contrary. If you will give me your arm, Mr. Roberts, I will take a turn or two upon the deck; but you must call Stephen here first, Edward, that he may take charge of the foot-stools till we sit down again."



As there was nobody else on board who appeared to be attended by a tall footman in a blazing livery, the young man felt that his appearance among them, gave a considerable degree of distinction to the party, and this consideration was fully sufficient to reconcile him to this third mission in pursuit of Stephen, and once again the long-backed serving-man bent very literally to the ladies' foot-stools, and having dutifully withdrawn them, desired to know if he was to follow them to the place they were next going to occupy. Mrs. Roberts raised her eyes to the man as he asked the question, and he looked at once so very stately and so very obsequious, with the three footstools in his hands, that for a moment she was strongly tempted to answer in the affirmative; but recollecting that the purpose of their moving was to promenade the deck, and not merely to change their places, it occurred to her that the being so followed might look odd, and she therefore contented herself by pointing out a conspicuous place just below the quarter-deck, where he might deposit them, charging him at the same time to keep a strict watch over them, and not to permit their being removed by any one.

The party then set off, the father and mother in front, and the son and daughters following; but although thus divided, they contrived to converse together, exchanging many keen and clever observations upon their fellow-passengers, the nature of which might be guessed at, perhaps, by the frequent laughter of the party, although all they said to each other was very decorously uttered to each other in whispers. Having thus amused themselves for about half-an-hour, the ladies declared their wish of sitting down again, but as they approached the places they had before occupied, they perceived, to their extreme surprise and indignation, that they were occupied by the very identical cotton-dresses which had already proved so particularly distasteful. Mrs. Roberts never felt annoyed without blaming somebody, and now, of course, she felt exceedingly angry with those very presumptuous young people; she knew, however, perfectly well (for a river steamboat was no new scene to her) that she had no right, though she was Mrs. Roberts, to reclaim the seat, and she therefore contented herself by preparing to brush past it, with the words, "bore," "public conveyances," and "vulgar people," on her lips. But the sharp eyes of Miss Maria descried

something in the appearance of the two gentlemen who were now the companions of their obnoxious fellow-passengers which led her to doubt whether, notwithstanding their "horribly common gowns," they might not be very different sort of people from what she had first supposed.

"Mamma—mamma," she whispered, at the same time restraining her mother's steps by a little gentle violence. "Don't go on in that way till you know what sort of people they are. Just look at the gentlemen who are with them."

Mrs. Roberts did look at the gentlemen, and her state of mind underwent an immediate change. She returned the pressure of the arm which had seized upon hers, in token that she comprehended what the pressure meant, and returned the whisper by saying in the same tone, or one lower still,

"Never mind—I will set it all right again. The girls seemed vastly inclined to be sociable."

And then taking a step back, she pointed out some object on the bank of the river to Maria and her brother, and having led them to the side of the vessel, said,

"I suspect we were wrong about those shabby-looking girls—look at the men they have got with them. Follow me, and behave just as I do, that's all."

She then pursued her way to the seat they had previously occupied, and having reached it, seemed suddenly to perceive for the first time that it was fully occupied. The youngest of the two girls now seated there looked a little frightened, and exchanging a glance with her sister, made a movement as if she was about to rise.

"Not for the world, my dear young lady," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with a courteous smile. "But I am afraid you will not find that high seat comfortable without foot-stools."

And stepping briskly back towards the place where her servant was still keeping guard over the monopolized treasures, she made a sign to him to advance, and then with her own hands placed two of the stools he brought beneath the feet of the two young girls. This was done with a smile of such gay good humour that it was impossible not to receive it graciously, and considering the texture of their dresses, the two young ladies acquitted themselves very well, the eldest assisting in the operation, with the exclamation, "Indeed, ma'am, you are too kind!" and the youngest repaying

her with the same bright smile, the familiarity of which had given such great offence when expressing her approbation of the awning. But the reward which Mrs. Roberts anticipated and received was from the gentlemen of the party, who both immediately rose, and offered their places to the civil lady and her daughters. Mrs. Roberts immediately sat down, nodding to her children, and waving them off to the opposite bench, saying with much earnestness to the elder of the two gentlemen, who was, as she divined, the father of the younger, as well as of the cotton-gowns, "Pray, do not let us disturb you, sir."

The two Miss Robertses were really pretty looking girls, and the young man, whose place their mother had taken, seemed perfectly willing to content himself with the accommodation offered by the seat against the side of the vessel, on which they and their brother had placed themselves—Mr. Roberts having wandered away in search of the gentlemen's cabin, and a newspaper.

It is always to be lamented when pretty-looking girls give themselves airs, and grow disagreeable, only because they know themselves to be charming. However trivial and evanescent may be the gift of beauty to a deeply philosophic eye, it would be folly to deny that it is one of the good gifts of heaven, and when the possessor does not call upon it to do the work of all other good qualities, moral and intellectual, it is calculated, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, to conciliate good will from those who look upon it, whatever their age, sex, or condition. But in order to have its full effect, or anything like its full effect, it must be borne meekly, and the reason why the coquetry of women of high-breeding is more effective in all countries than that of beauties less accomplished, doubtless may be found in the fact that the last and highest polish conceals, if it does not absolutely destroy, pretension. A perfectly high-bred and well-educated woman charms by *being* elegant, not by exerting all her faculties to *appear* so; and in like manner a beautiful coquette of the same class is irresistible, because she endangers not the grace which is born of ease by struggling to appear something that she is not. If Agatha and Maria Roberts could have learned to "*let themselves alone*," they might have appeared in every drawing-room in Europe with almost a certainty of being more admired than one-half the wo-

men they met; but this they had not learned, and the consequence was now, as it had often been before, and as it was likely often to be again, that the young man who had speedily entered into conversation with them, as speedily got tired, and after listening with smiling attention first to one, and then to the other, as they laboured to set themselves off in a variety of ways, he at length got up, and proposed to his father that they should walk to the head of the ship to look out for—what they were to look out for his father did not wait to hear—for he, too, had been almost overwhelmed by the obliging efforts of Mrs. Roberts to enchant him; and telling his daughters that he would come back to them soon, he took his son's arm, and walked off.

It boots not to relate all the strenuous efforts made by Mrs. Roberts to obliterate from the memory of the two young ladies who were left seated beside her, all recollection of her former demeanour towards them. Suffice it to say, that, like some generals, more able than successful, she piqued herself as much upon the skill with which she could perform a backward movement whenever she happened to get into a scrape, as upon the spirited boldness with which her manœuvres in advance were ever made. In the present case, however, she produced considerably less impression in both movements, than she would have been easily persuaded to believe possible; but, in fact, the two young people who had unintentionally attracted so much of her attention, were too giddily delighted, and too youthfully light-hearted, to know, or to care very much what these bustling strangers thought about them. Had they been obliged to pronounce an opinion concerning them, it would probably have been worded in the phrase, "odd sort of people." But in truth they were forgotten even before they were lost sight of; for the terrible moment being arrived at which the peaceable river changed into the cruel sea, all hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, plots, and counterplots were alike forgotten by every female on board, and by the time the vessel reached Boulogne, the first and only thought of each was, how to get out of her as quickly as possible. To persons who, like the Roberts family, have just felt the mysterious malady of the sea for the first time, there is something equally astonishing and delightful in the sudden relief from their misery, which follows the very first contact of their feet with *terra firma*, and they all felt it in a degree



that made their first continental sensations very delightful indeed. Their walk along the pier seemed to them all the most agreeable promenade they had ever enjoyed, and even the clamorous applications for their company with which they were greeted on the quay by the envoys of all the hotels in the town, produced more pleasure than annoyance.

"I have always heard that the French people were the most intelligent in the world," observed Mrs. Roberts; "and how remarkable a proof of it is their having picked us out in this manner among such a motley crowd. Look here! I have had six cards from as many different hotels put into my hand already."

"And how in the world are we to choose among them, my dear?" inquired Mr. Roberts. "I really should like to find myself in a comfortable hotel with as little delay as possible. Have you made up your mind as to which card you like best?"

"Trust to me, Mr. Roberts," replied his wife, with her usual air of knowing perfectly well what she was about. "I certainly shall not be decided in my choice by the appearance of the cards. But we will follow that well-looking young man, if you please, in the green coat and silver buttons. I perceive he speaks English perfectly. *Oui, monsieur, vous, oui, vous,*" she continued, speaking very loud to assist the intelligence of the green-coated commissionaire. "I don't mind about the English myself, but it will be pleasant for you and Edward," she added, and then again addressing the man whom she had selected, she said, "It is *votre hôtel* you know that we are going to—and *votre maitre*, I suppose, can tell us tout about our luggage and the *do—do*—What in the world is the name of a French custom-house, Agatha?"

"*Douane*, mamma," answered the young lady, whose recent French studies had gone considerably farther than her own; although Mrs. Roberts herself had not set out upon this important expedition without having very sedulously applied herself to the same study. "German and Italian," she had said, "I intend to learn when I get into the respective countries, but it is absolutely necessary to have a stock of French to set off with."

Her stock of French however, did not perhaps comprise all the words in the language, and it was also possible that both genders and tenses might produce some slight embarrassment in her colloquial in-

tercourse with the natives, but these were trifles by no means of sufficient importance to daunt such a spirit as that of Mrs. Roberts. During the domestic practising which had gone on for several weeks previous to their setting off, both her daughters, fresh from the grammatical discipline of a French teacher, had endeavoured to impress upon her the necessity of paying a little more attention both to verbs and genders, but her answer was characteristic and decisive. "My dear children, it is perfectly right and proper that you should study the grammar; it is a study properly befitting your years. All young people learn grammar; but scholars of my age must take a more enlarged and general view of the language. You know how steadily I have applied to reading dialogues and vocabularies, not to mention that I have transcribed whole columns from the dictionary, and I declare to you, girls, that I am often astonished at my own quickness in learning. I assure you that of late I hardly ever go into a shop without making use of French words without intending it. When I bought my last new bonnet I asked the woman, quite without thinking of it, show me some '*bonnets de paille*.'"

"But *bonnet* means *cap*, mamma, in French," had been Miss Agatha's reply; and, "nonsense, child," her resolute mother's rejoinder. "When the niceties of grammar are required," she added, "all the rules I mean, and the exceptions, and the rest of it, as in writing notes, for instance, of course I shall employ you and your sister, but in the matter of talking I don't expect to want your assistance at all. When there is anything to be *said*, I always feel as if I were inspired; words, thank God! never fail me, and I do believe I could soon talk in almost any language in the world except Greek and Latin." Such were the opinions and feelings of Mrs. Roberts on the subject of colloquial intercourse, and though uttered before this sketch of her adventures commences, it is as well to refer to it, in order to develop the system upon which she intended to proceed. Bet to return to the crowded spot on which we left her haranguing at Boulogne. Long before she could repeat the word *douane* after her daughter, the accomplished commissionaire from the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* had assured her, in very excellent English, that if she would be pleased to proceed to the *hôte* they should have their night bags in ten minutes, and the

rest of their baggage before they were up in the morning; provided madame would be pleased to give him all the keys. On hearing this demand the countenance of Mrs. Roberts displayed a world of acute intelligence, and with a nod and a smile she replied, "Thank you, *mon ami*. Mercy, mercy, my good friend. There is no occasion to put all that trouble upon you, *pas du tout*. *Voilà* that gentleman, my husband, he will go to the *douane* with the keys, and look after the baggage himself." Then turning to her son, she said, "That's a good lesson for you, Edward. Just observe, my dear, how necessary it is to be upon one's guard in such a country as this. I dare say now that if I had not been here your father would have given up the keys at once, and I should just like to know what would have become of all our trinkets if he had?" The commissionaire did not remonstrate, but with a civil smile desired that they would please to follow him. They did so, and having undergone the usual personal examination, a few minutes walking brought them to the *hôtel*. "I am as hungry as a hound," said Mr. Roberts, as he entered it; "and I hope, my dear, that you mean to order something more substantial than tea and bread and butter?"

"Oh! goodness, I hope so!"

"I am sure I shall die, if you don't."

"I could devour half-a-dozen pounds of beefsteaks," chimed in the two young ladies and their brother.

"I am quite in the same condition myself," replied the ruling spirit of the party. "*Il faut ordre du souper.*"

"*Commander, mamma,*" whispered Agatha.

"Of course, child, I shall command whatever I want," replied Mrs. Roberts, rather impatiently, and then, having at last condescended to profit by the English of a waiter who came to receive her instructions, she ordered the most substantial repast that could be prepared in half an hour, the whole party declaring that they could not possibly exist without food for a longer time.

And then came a *fille de chambre* to inquire if the ladies would like to see their rooms. They followed her up stairs, complaining a good deal as they went, of the inferiority of the house in appearance to an English *hôtel*, and particularly in the want of stair-carpet. The colored petticoat, short jacket, and round-eared cap of their conductress, also elicited a good many ob-

servations and some laughter from the young ladies; upon which Mrs. Roberts said, "I don't wonder, girls, at your being amused by the queer look of every thing, and as long as you do nothing but laugh it is very well; but remember I shall be monstrous angry if I hear any of you grumble, because the real truth is, that one of the greatest advantages which English people are sure to find in coming abroad arises from their being themselves so every way superior. Depend upon it the natives are not altogether such fools as not to perceive this, and that, as I take it, is the principle reason why all the English that come abroad get up so much higher in society than those who stay at home. The only way, however, to make the most and the best of this advantage is to remember constantly that whatever you may have been at home, you are people of consequence *here*. You must never forget that, girls, I promise you."

The first examination of the sleeping accommodation was by no means satisfactory to the ladies of the Roberts family, for their inexperienced eyes did not discern in the pile of what they indignantly termed "nothing but mattresses," the most perfect sleeping apparatus in the world.

"Do ask her, Agatha, if they have no better rooms, with feather beds in them," said Mrs. Roberts, with such a frown upon her brow as might have frightened a chambermaid less used to the *exigence* of new English travellers than was their present black-eyed conductress.

"*Ces sont de fort bons lits,*" she quietly replied to the remonstrance of Miss Agatha.

"*Et vous n'avez pas des plus beaux chambres?*" demanded Mrs. Roberts, still frowning.

"Non, madame," replied the girl, with that stoical indifference to her queer French, which seems so universally to preclude the possibility of a laugh among our polite neighbors.

"*Il faut que vous sâit,*" resumed Mrs. Roberts, "que nous suis accoutumés à avoir la meilleur de tout les choses quand nous suis au logis."

"Oui, madame," replied the girl, without moving a muscle.

"It is no good, mamma, to talk any more to her—she's a fool," said Miss Maria. "But I wish you would tell me how long we are to be without our carpet-bags. Just look at my hair! I am in perfect misery for want of a comb! And, do you see, there is not a morsel of soap to wash our hands.



When are we to have our carpet-bags, mamma?"

"How in the world can I tell, Maria?" replied her mother. "The man that brought us here said ten minutes; but I fancy we must never believe a word they say to us. They are a horrible set of liars you may depend upon it."

"But we *must* get the carpet bags somehow or other, mamma," said Agatha. "Do let us go down stairs, will you, to inquire about them?"

And down stairs again they went, Mrs. Roberts talking exceedingly loud the whole time concerning the dreadful inferiority of the French to the English nation in all respects; which, considering that the language in which she spoke, was considerably more likely to be understood than her French had been, was both imprudent and uncivil, to say the least of it.

On entering the large *salle à manger*, where a servant was preparing a part of the table for their supper, Mrs. Roberts attacked him in her piebald jargon, with inquiries concerning the greatly-wanted carpet-bags. The man, with the uniform civility of his class, strained every faculty to understand her, and when at length she fortunately substituted the words "carpet-bags" for "*bags de tapis*," he caught her meaning, and replied that if she had left her bags with the commissionaire *à coup sur* she would have them in a few minutes.

"What does he say about *coosin*?" demanded Mrs. Roberts, addressing her eldest daughter. "Who is coosin? What stupid plagues they are!"

Miss Agatha explained very distinctly what the man had said, and then replied to it by telling him that they had *not* left their keys; upon which, with all possible civility, the man told her that there was not the slightest chance that their bags would be sent to them at all.

"Do you hear him, mamma?" exclaimed both the girls at once. "Good Heaven! what are we to do?"

"Do?" returned Mrs. Roberts, looking exceedingly angry. "Why, of course your father must go this moment to the custom-house with the keys. What a shame it is to keep one's things from one in such an abominable manner! Pretty sort of freedom, isn't it? But you must go, my dear, this very moment, you must, indeed, for I shall want to go to bed the very instant I have supped, and I leave you to guess if I

can go to bed without my night-bag, Mr. Roberts.

"No, my dear," replied her husband, "I dare say you can't—only I should be very glad if I could get a morsel to eat first, for I really do feel quite exhausted."

"Very well, Mr. Roberts, then you must eat of course, and I must go. I wonder if I shall find Stephen too much exhausted to go with me?"

"That's talking quite wild, my dear," returned her husband, taking up his hat and stick and preparing to depart; "I didn't mean, I am sure, to put any thing off upon you; but I must have some body to show me the way, and, after all, I am afraid I shall make but a bad hand of it, seeing that I don't understand one word of French."

"Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! How you do like to make difficulties! Of course the people will speak English at the custom house. All you have to do is just to take Stephen with you to bring the bags, and to get a lad to show you the way. Give your keys, girls—and yours, Edward—here's mine—I dare say you will be back before the supper is ready. Taking Stephen will make a difference, you may depend upon it; there was nobody on board that had such a stylish servant, and you may be sure that when they see he belongs to you, our business will be attended to first. It is the way of the world, my dear, take my word for it."

As she spoke, Mrs. Roberts rang the bell; Stephen was summoned, and a man found to show the way.

"Now then," said she, "make haste, there's a good man, and I'll take care you shall have a good supper when you come back again."

Either poor Mr. Roberts was unskilled in the performance of his task, or the appearance of Stephen produced a less imposing effect than his mistress expected, for the very last bags examined were those of the Roberts family. It is possible, indeed, that the circumstance of their being the only ones left to the care of the owners, without any patronizing assistance from an hôtel commissionaire, might be the cause of this; but certain it is, that instead of coming back directly, the unfortunate Mr. Roberts did not make his appearance for nearly two hours. The worthy man sighed when he found that his family had finished their repast, and the remnants of the supper which were brought back to him might have been eaten, perhaps, with more relish had not the weary ladies each seized upon a bag, the

instant they greeted their longing eyes, declaring that they could not remain up a moment longer to obtain the universe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is one fytte of *Robert's* pilgrimage;  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that writeth now may scribble moe.

## TREATMENT OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

From the Spectator.

The *Birmingham Journal* gives an account of an interesting meeting which was held on the 8th Jan., at Dee's Hotel in Birmingham, to hear an address from Mr. Hill, the Recorder of the borough, on the treatment of juvenile offenders. Mr. Weston, the Mayor, presided; and Mr. Scholefield, the Member, Captain Moorsom, Mr. J. B. Davies, the Coroner, the Reverend J. Garbett, Rural Dean, Alderman James, Alderman Van Wart, and other respectable inhabitants to the number of two or three hundred, including several ladies, attended.

Mr. Hill began by referring to the general state of crime in England and Wales: in 1805, the number of committals was 4,763; in 1842, it was 31,309, being an increase of sevenfold. In the same period the population had increased twofold. If the commitments were to increase at the same rate in the next forty years, they would amount to 200,000! There were, however, some circumstances that mitigated the frightful appearance of that statement. It included all offences classed as "crimes," from stealing a pocket handkerchief to murder; although there was no common measure between the two kinds: it would take many thousand cases of pocket-picking to produce so much misery to mankind as one murder. In the same period, crimes of violence had decreased in number, and those which load the calendars are chiefly crimes against property. It is a defect in such tables that they are founded altogether on commitments, and are only declared when made the subject of prosecution—

It was a defect in the jurisprudence of this country, that there was no record of crime but in connexion with prosecutions. In many countries, where they derive their laws from ancient civil code, it was the duty of certain officers to institute an inquiry relative to the existence and extent of such and such crimes; and by this means they obtained an accurate knowledge of the real state of society. In such a country they would be able to compare the state of crime at one period with another. At present, in this country, they might be led into

a great fallacy; for what they might consider an increase of crime might only be an increase of vigilance on the part of the police. He recollected that in two counties which he should not name, great praise had been bestowed on them for the absence of crime: the Judges found the gaols empty; and white gloves were presented to them in accordance with an ancient practice: but those who best knew the counties knew that it was not crime that was wanted, but that it was police to detect it that was wanted. It was not the harvest of crime, which, as a French writer had well observed, returned with greater certainty than the harvest of food, that was wanted. No, it was the reapers of that harvest; and accordingly, when the police was established in those two counties, it was found that the inhabitants were not better than their neighbors.

Thus, improvements in police had the effect of swelling the calendars and of increasing the appearance of crime. Allowing the expenses of prosecutions had a similar tendency. Formerly several offences, such as that of pocket-picking, were not punished at law, but were summarily disposed of by the people under a kind of Lynch-law—

Still, after every possible subtraction, it could not be doubted that there was moving in the midst of them, and round about, and encircling them, a criminal population of a very large amount in this country,—a population inflicting much pain upon all those around them, and suffering still greater evils themselves than they inflicted, and whose own state of wretchedness called for their sympathies and compassion far more than those against whom they had offended. Perhaps part of the explanation of this state of society might be accounted for by the rude mode of administering justice in former times, and by the state of the law itself, to which their forefathers, as humane men, felt a great aversion to subject their fellow-creatures, because their code was formerly a code of blood. But now that their feelings ceased to be outraged by spectacles so revolting to humanity as those formerly exhibited through legal punishment, they could only wonder that their forefathers, who were men of humanity, could endure to live among the infliction of such punishments, which they knew were not only useless, but which frustrated the ends for which they were intended.

Here Mr. Hill made some allusion to prison-abuses, and to the recently-disclosed "black hole" in the prison of the Birmingham Court of Requests. That is, however, an exception to the prisons of England, which has been overlooked because it forms no part of the system of local government. To return to the main subject—the "mitigating circumstances" still leave an enormous and perhaps increasing amount of crime unaccounted for—

There was a class who might be said to have alienated themselves from society. Their rights were not those of the community at large—their shame was not that felt by those



around him. Right with them was, to live by theft and robbery committed upon their neighbors; shame with them was, to be unable to evade detection, or to confess when detected, or to assist in bringing their companions to justice. Reputation with them was a long course of crime with impunity. That class was a large class, many of whom must be then walking about their streets, almost within their hearing. What was to be done with that class of the population? He could not tell. Their condition had occupied the attention of the best men, but it was a problem still unsolved. All they could hope was that the example of good men might diminish its numbers. But it was almost too much to hope that the class could be entirely extinguished. Perhaps, when they were inclined to boast of the superiority of their unbounded commerce, and when they pointed with so much pride to the zeal and energy of their missionaries abroad, it might be wholesome for them to reflect that there was a population at their own doors who refused to be enriched by their commerce, who despised all offers of kindness, and who had yet resisted the most devoted exertions of the ministers of religion.

The young are apt to fall from the right path, and to become amenable to the law. They are not yet entirely contaminated by evil associations; but the question occurs, what is to become of them when their term of imprisonment expires? To meet that difficulty, he had acted upon a plan, which he was now to explain—

When practising at Warwick, he learned the plan from a benevolent body of Magistrates, whose worth he could testify, and who had most humanely established an asylum for the benefit of these young persons who had been sent to gaol for offences, from which it was hoped they might be reclaimed: from one of these benevolent gentlemen the suggestion came, that the master should, if possible, be prevailed upon to take back the offender; and this humane plan was suggested by the consideration, that a disposition of forgiveness was by far the best for the master, where it would secure for the offender that protection which he had forfeited. He soon became impressed with the necessity of taking measures to ascertain precisely the working of the system, lest the natural impulse of the mind, in seeing a suffering child before one, should prevent him from inflicting that punishment which the justice of the country required. Every man who filled a situation such as he held would like, if possible to refrain from inflicting pain; but he knew that he was bound to repress crime, notwithstanding the pain to himself. At the end of the year 1841, he was enabled, by the zealous coöperation of the Police in Birmingham, to establish a regular plan by which every master and mistress who humanely took back an unfortunate servant, and every boy thus restored, should be visited, to ascertain at certain periods how the experi-

ment worked; and he was proud to lay before them the result of the experiment for the last two years. The results, if not satisfactory, were encouraging. He found that the number of youths who had been convicted at the Sessions before him, and who had been handed over to their employers, was forty-seven. He found, that out of that number, thirty-three had given proof of their contrition—proving more or less according to the time, that an evident improvement was going on in their regard. Of the remainder, three cases are doubtful: and he was sorry to say there was no doubt about the remaining eleven—they were lost: they had left their masters under circumstances which had brought them again either before the Quarter-sessions in this borough or before some other court. But here again he was able to say, that, comparing that relapsing class with those usually sent to prison, he found that the number that came back was very much smaller than those who suffered the punishment awarded. The fear was, lest this lenity should produce a feeling of impunity: but it should be recollected, that the object of this lenity was one in whose favor they could engage the master to undertake a great share of responsibility. They must recollect that he had invariably extended this leniency with the most solemn assurance, that, if ever the person abused the favor, he need never expect the like again, and that he would unquestionably have to bear the infliction of the severest terrors of the law. He had felt it his duty to act upon that principle, and had lately inflicted severe punishment where great mercy had been abused. On the whole, he called upon them, if they agreed with him, to try the experiment whenever they had an opportunity.

The Reverend J. Garbett moved a resolution expressing entire concurrence in Mr. Hill's suggestion; which was seconded by Mr. William Wills, and carried unanimously.

In moving a vote of thanks to the Recorder, the Reverend J. A. James remarked, that Mr. Hill had provided for the offending youth who had been brought before him; but it would be well to anticipate his kindness, and not to be too hasty in bringing youthful offenders before a court of justice. He had himself tried that principle in the case of two youths—

One had committed a robbery upon his master by stealing his money. The fact was communicated to him, and he engaged to intercede with the master, who consented not to prosecute, but naturally refused then to repose further confidence in him. Silence, however, was observed. The youth was handed over to the kind treatment of a friend: and Mr. James's special advice to this friend was, "Keep it a secret, and we will watch him closely." They did so. He was patient; and soon the youth, thus rescued from inevitable destruction, gave convincing proofs of penitence; and he was at that moment in a place of trust, serving his master, with thousands of pounds under his

care. He was a respectable member of society, and the member of a Christian congregation. The second came under his notice with the same results; only in this case there had been many small peculations. He told the master to let no soul know it—to keep him under close inspection and moral training: and the result was, that he was now the servant of one of the public companies in the town.

Mr. Hill observed in returning thanks, that he never had any difficulty in getting employers in humble circumstances of life to extend forgiveness to their servants; but he *had* found some difficulty in prevailing upon those in higher stations of life to extend the same consideration to their erring brethren. He was aware that they had greater obstacles to the restoration of the offenders to their establishments; still those obstacles were not insurmountable, and he hoped he should see that the more wealthy employers and manufacturers would not be outdone by those below them.

Mr. Scholesfield moved a vote of thanks to those humane individuals who had taken back their servants after conviction. The motion was seconded by Captain Moorsom, and supported by Alderman James; who remarked, that, as a Magistrate, he had often heard the question asked on the bench, when a young offender was brought up, "Why bring that little boy here? why not try to reclaim him?" At the request of the Recorder, one of the masters who had taken back his servant after punishment, now gave testimony of the happy result—

The first act of the boy, after his release, was to call on him and thank him for what he had done, and he then saw the seeds of reformation in him. He then gave the boy good advice, and took him into his service; since that, his conduct had been most exemplary, and he had no doubt he would make a very useful member of society.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Weston, the Chairman of the meeting.

### "WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?"

BY MRS. J. E. CARPENTER.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### I.

"WHY do the flow'rets bloom, mother,  
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,  
And brightest those we rear'd, mother,  
Around my brother's tomb?"

"To fill the world with gladness,  
My child, were flow'rets given,—  
To crown the Earth with beauty,  
And show the road to Heaven!"

#### II.

"Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,  
Why do the sweet flowers fade,  
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,  
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?"  
"My child, those flow'rs that wither,  
Have seeds that still remain,  
That sunshine and the summer  
Restore to life again!"

#### III.

"And shall not those who die, mother,  
Come back to live once more,  
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,  
Those beauteous flow'rs restore?"  
"Yes—yes, my child, such powers  
To human flow'rs are given,  
Here earth's frail flow'rs may blossom,  
But *we* may rise—in Heaven."

### LYRIC LAMENT,

#### ON A DEFUNCT SPARROW.\*

From the Metropolitan.

ALACK! alack the day when sped  
The heedless stone,  
That singled from its friends that fled,  
And laid along with the cold dead,  
This little one:  
No longer through the live-long day,  
On craggled trees  
To flutter more from spray to spray,  
Or bound on buoyant wing away  
Upon the breeze.  
By little, tuneful loves caress'd,  
No more to reign  
The pretty favorite of the nest,  
Planting in many a feather'd breast  
The pleasing pain.  
Mute warbler!—ah! how cold and still  
Thy mellow throat:  
How songless now that merry bill,  
At morn so blithely wont to thrill  
Its carol-note!  
  
Thy kindred oft,—a timid train,  
Disconsolate,  
Haunt the dark spot where thou wert ta'en;  
But o'er the widow'd nest—in vain—  
Mourns thy mate.  
Peace to thee, Care unruffled now:—  
(For thou *had'st* care,  
Apportion'd cares *we* cannot know!)  
The tyrant, Man,—the witherer, Snow,  
Touch thee not *there*:—  
There in thy little shadowed grave,  
Hung o'er the Deep,  
Where, shelter'd from the wind and wave,  
Tho' realms may rock and passion rave,  
Thou wilt sleep.

If aught of thee to being clings—  
Not mortal all—  
To HIM it soared on sinless wings,  
Who marks, amid the maze of things,  
The Sparrow fall!

\* The verdict was—"Killed by a random stone."



## MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.—Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills." Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1681, after William Penn. Delaware, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la War, who died in this bay. Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Carolina, by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France. Georgia, in 1772, in honor of King George III. Alabama, in 1817, from its principal river. Mississippi, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honor of Louis XVI. of France. Tennessee, in 1796, from its principal river; the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon. Kentucky, in 1782, from its principal river. Illinois, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men. Indiana, in 1802, from the American Indians. Ohio, in 1802, from its southern boundary. Missouri, in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan, named in 1805, from the lake on its borders. Arkansas, in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce le Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascus Florida*.—*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*.

AN EXPLOSION OF SUBTERRANEAN WATER took place lately in the district of Vizeu, in Portugal, by which the soil was torn up, and earth and stones flung to a great height into the air, for the distance of more than a league, between the small river Oleiros and the Douro. All the cultivated land over which the water flowed was destroyed, and in many places it created ravines forty feet in depth, and thirty fathoms wide. It carried away and shattered to fragments in its course, which was of extreme rapidity, no fewer than fifty wind and water mills, choked the Douro with rubbish, and caused the death of nine persons, including one entire family. On the same day a similar explosion took place in the mountain of Marcelim, in the same district, arising from the same source, but branching off in the direction of the river Bastanza.—*Correspondent of the Times*.

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J. FLAXMAN, R. A.—An advertisement in our usual columns intimates the contemplation of a somewhat tardy act of national justice and gratitude, by the erection of a portrait-statue to the memory of one of our greatest sculptors, John Flaxman. Like all the men of the highest genius, though to a certain degree appreciated in his lifetime, far inferior artists carried off the more sterling proofs of public consideration, and he existed to produce works which give him immortality. His designs and relieves were too far above the bust or figure, or fanciful trifle, to meet with the applause of the million, and the few who could judge of their worth were too few to reward their creator as he deserved. At last, however, a memorial is proposed for him, and we cannot doubt will be sufficiently supported. It is true the fine, pale, intellectual-looking man did not want for bread, but wealth was not his, and it is full time that we offered him a stone, hallowed by our feelings and admiration.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ANCIENT MONEY.—A treasure of old silver coinage of Edward I. of England, and Roberts and Davids of Scotland, has been found in a piece of ground near Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. It is reported to amount to 10,000 coins, and the cannie folks around to have made a pleasant harvest in collecting it.—*Lit. Gaz.*

M. GUIZOT.—M. Guizot's facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion is prodigious, and it is fortunate for him he is so constituted, otherwise his health would materially suffer. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings at the Chamber, after being baited by the Opposition in the most savage manner—there is no milder expression for their excessive violence—he arrives home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection. Madame Guizot, who lives with her son, is upwards of 80 years of age; never was there a more vigilant, tender, nervous mother. Her husband lost his life upon the scaffold of the Revolution, and nothing can divest her of the idea but that her son will undergo the same fate. This keeps her in perpetual alarm, and whenever she hears there is to be one of those violent discussions which but too often disgrace the French *Chambre des Deputés*, she watches for the return of her son with the greatest anxiety and misgiving.—*Court Journal*.

BRITISH GUIANA.—From a prospectus published at the *Royal Gazette* office, Demerara, and forwarded to us, we learn that a society for the promotion of agriculture and commerce in that important colony is now being formed. Public rooms are to be established in Georgetown, with library, museum, and models; and premiums and grants of money are to be awarded for the advancement of every branch of agriculture, manufactures, and trade. So excellent an institution cannot fail to produce great benefits, and the wealth of the colony will enable its members to carry it on with liberality and spirit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

**ROYAL BIRTHDAYS IN APRIL.**—It is remarkable how many Royal personages now living date their births in the month of April. The 25th ult., the day on which her Majesty celebrated her birthday, is the anniversary of the births of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Alice. In other Royal families of Europe, several birthdays occur during the month of April—viz., her Majesty the Queen of the French was born on the 26th of April, 1782; the Queen of the Belgians on the 3d of April, 1812; Queen Christina of Spain on the 27th of April, 1806; the Emperor of Austria on the 17th of April, 1793; the Queen of Portugal on the 14th of April, 1819; and the Sultan on the 19th of April, 1823.—*Court Journal*.

**SOMNAMBULIST.**—We give the following almost incredible account of a somnambule exhibition from the *Paris Globe*. After noticing some previous exhibitions of the same nature by M. Marcellet with the somnambulist, the "young Alexis," the *Globe* says:—"We will now speak of the exhibition at the hotel of the Viscountess de Saint-Mars. M. Victor Hugo, who was present, had prepared at home a sealed packet, in the centre of which he had placed a single word, printed in large characters. The somnambulist, after turning over the packet every way, spelled slowly—p—o—l—i, *poli*, and then exclaimed, 'I do not see the letter that immediately follows, but I perceive those which come afterwards, —i—q—u—e; eight letters;—no, I now see nine; it is a —t, *politique*, and the word is printed on light green paper. M. Hugo cut it out of a pamphlet, which I now see at his house.' Similar experiments were frequently repeated, and always with the same success, at the house of M. Charles Ledru, where they took place especially, in order that Lord Brougham might witness them. His Lordship was quite astounded at seeing Alexis playing at cards with his eyes bandaged, and reading through several sheets of paper. But the last experiment was of a nature to remove all doubt. 'What word have I written there?' said Lord Brougham, presenting his closed hand. 'Chester,' replied the somnambulist. The Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damar then said, 'Can you tell me what I placed on the guéridon of my salon before I left home?' 'Yes, madam, I see there a medalion.' 'What does it contain?' 'Hair.' 'Whose hair?' 'That of three personages—the Emperor Napoleon, Wellington—as to the third, I cannot tell his name, but he died before Napoleon, and was an Englishman—a sailor.' The Hon. Mrs. Damar then named Lord Nelson. Some days afterwards, Viscount Jocelyn having presented a box well wrapped up to the young Alexis, the latter instantly said that it contained only one object, that it was red, and came from a distant country. He ended by saying that it was a piece of coral cut into a death's head.—*Court Journal*.

**STEAM ASCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.**—We have mentioned the accomplishment of this great feat, an epoch in science and its African power. It seems to have been effected principally through the energy and presence of mind of Achmet Menikli Pasha, the new governor of Soudan, who was ascending the river to the seat of his rule. In six days from Cairo the

boat reached the group of granite rocks near Assouan, which form the cataract. The first gate was easily passed; but in the second, owing to the violence of the current, it hung for ten minutes, vibrating, but almost stationary, and in danger every moment of being dashed on the rocks, only four paces distant. It was a fearful struggle: but at last, by carrying out rope in a small boat, the pasha himself and three sailors obtained a purchase on an island, and succeeded in bringing the laboring vessel through. Three hundred Nubians witnessed, and some of them with poles assisted in this triumph. The third gate (as these narrow passes are called) was surmounted, and the anchor dropped off the village of Messid, within sight of the famous island of Philæ. The exploit was attempted in 1838 by Mahomed Ali, but defeated at the second gate; and now the passage is shown to be practicable it will often be repeated, and produce important effects in this part of the world.—*Lit. Gaz.*

**RAFFAELLE TAPESTRIES.**—Of the two sets of tapestries from the Cartoons, wrought under the inspection of the artist and his pupils Von Orlay and Coxis, one is in the Vatican; and that now before the public is the second, sold from England into Spain after the martyrdom of Charles I., and now happily restored to us, at least for a season. Mr. Tupper, the British consul, obtained the series from the Alva family twenty years ago, and from him they became the property of their present exhibiter.

They are in wonderfully fine preservation, faithful to the originals, fresh in color, and spirited in every thread and stitch. Of the nine in existence, there are here seven corresponding to the Cartoons at Hampton Court, and two others, viz. the Stoning of St. Stephen and the Conversion of St. Paul, of which the Cartoons are lost; but as the death of Ananias and Paul preaching at Athens could not find room, we have the former novelties in their stead, and to these we would direct the marked attention of visitors.

The Stoning of St. Stephen is the smallest of these productions, being only 13 feet wide and 12 feet 10 inches high. The martyr is on his knees, and his earthly suffering radiated with the hope of immortal glory. One of his barbarous executioners stooping to lift a large stone is a grand piece of drawing; and another figure casting a rock at his devoted head is equally a splendid anatomical and expressive study. Other parts are almost as remarkable for skill, beauty, and contrast.

The Conversion of St. Paul ranks among the six largest tapestries, being 18 feet 3 inches in width, by 13 feet in height. It is a glorious composition, full of stirring life, passion, and energy. The supernatural light from heaven, the prostrate Roman leader, the amazement of his soldiery, the confusion of man and horse, the antique architectural forms of Damascus, the variety and richness of Oriental costume, and the angelic group over all, render this representation admirable even among those wonderful works its companions, with whose astonishing mastery over every difficulty and perfection of art we have become familiar. Of itself it would be a great exhibition for every lover of the fine arts.—*Lit. Gaz.*





## SCIENCE AND ART.

**HERSCHEL OBELISK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE**—"An Account of the Erection of the Herschel Obelisk at the Cape of Good Hope, accompanied by the Report of Colonel Lewis, and a Plan of the same," by Thomas Maclear, Esq. The following is an abstract. Sir John Herschel, during his residence at the Cape, was President of the South African Literary and Scientific Institution. When he was about to leave the colony, the members expressed a desire to present him with some token of remembrance; and, at a full meeting, a few days before his departure, a gold medal was presented, with the impress of the institution on one side and a suitable inscription on the reverse. The feelings excited on that interesting occasion strongly evinced how much the members regretted the loss of their president and their admiration of one whose talents place him so far above ordinary men, and whose private life was a pattern of every domestic virtue. The sum subscribed having exceeded the expense of the medal, another subscription-list was opened with the intention of raising a fund for the purpose of placing a substantial structure on the site of the 20-feet reflector in the garden of Sir John's late residence at Feldhausen. The proposal was accordingly laid before Sir George Napier, who entered warmly into the project, and placed his name at the head of the list annexed to a handsome subscription. In the course of a few days the sum subscribed amounted to £190. At a general meeting, held on the 28th of November, 1838, the erection of the obelisk was finally determined on; and a committee was appointed to carry its erection into effect. A fruitless attempt to procure a granite column at the cape, of proper workmanship and within the resources of the Committee, led to the adoption of a suggestion that one of Craigleith stone, from the quarry near Edinburgh, might be obtained without difficulty, and of superior finish. A resolution was accordingly passed by the Committee, which, together with a plan of the proposed obelisk, was forwarded to Professors Forbes and Henderson, of Edinburgh,

with a request that those gentlemen would kindly undertake the necessary superintendence of the work; a request to which they acceded with alacrity; and the obelisk, in packing cases, arrived in Table Bay in the month of August, 1841, where it was safely landed under the guidance of Colonel Lewis.

The following is the report of Colonel Lewis on the erection:—"In excavating the foundation, which was of black sand, it was found necessary to go down 4 feet 10 inches to arrive at the iron-stone gravelly bed, the substratum of the country about Feldhausen. The masonry foundation was formed of concrete, built up in courses of 12 or 14 inches, and composed of iron-stone gravel, and lime-mortar, well grouted together. On this masonry bed a granite platform 9 feet 6 inches square was laid, and the small column fixed by Sir John Herschel on the site of the 20-feet reflector. This mark was removed for a few days, in order to bring the masonry foundation to a proper height, but the mark was relaid with mathematical correctness by Lieut. Laffan, Royal Engineers. Previously, however, to relaying the Herschel mark, the suggestion of the Committee of Construction was adopted of placing under it several silver and copper coins, a few inscription medals, and medals of the South African Institution, struck in silver for the occasion; and on the obverse were engraved some notices, statistical and geographical, of the colony; the discoveries of Capt. Ross in the South Polar Regions in 1841; and the operation of remeasuring the arc of the meridian in 1842. These subjects were beautifully executed by Mr. Piazza Smyth, assistant-astronomer, and hermetically sealed in glass bottles. Also there were deposited a map of the colony and engravings of nebulae observed at Slough from 1825 to 1833, by Sir John Herschel, and a plan of Mr. Maclear's triangulation connecting the site of Feldhausen with the Royal Observatory, and the site of La Caille's observatory, in Strand-street, Cape Town. The bottle was carefully fixed in a block of teak-wood, scooped out on purpose. When the

granite platform was brought to its level, and the Herschel mark refixed and filled in with cement, it was necessary to erect heavy shears of large spars, to place the stones of the obelisk, composed of large blocks of Craigleith stone, some weighing two tons. This was accomplished with some trouble and expense, and the base of the obelisk was laid with the faces corresponding with the four cardinal points. The whole was completed on the 15th of February, 1842, in presence of some of the Committee and several of the subscribers and friends of Sir John Herschel, who attended on the occasion of placing the top stone of the obelisk. The obelisk has the base 6 feet square by 6 feet in height, and the pyramidal part stands 12 feet above the base. On the east face is an opening showing the Herschel mark, designating the site of the 20-foot reflector. The opening will be closed with a bronze plate, containing the inscription of the purpose for which the obelisk is erected."—*Athenæum*.

**"ON LOUD BEATS OF CLOCKS USED IN OBSERVATORIES.**—A simple and easily applied method of obtaining very loud beats for the astronomical clock. The mode of constructing the apparatus is as follows:—Two pieces of thin brass are placed at the sides of the frame-work of the clock, in length the same as the space between the pillars; in width, about two inches or more at pleasure; these pieces of brass are placed horizontally, at about the same altitude from the base as the axis of the escape-wheel pinion, and at the right angles to it, or nearly so. They should be made of such a size as would insure a sound, distinct, sharp, and short. The little tables can be made to any size. Upon these tables or plates two hammers ply, supported by arbors at the same elevation as all the others. The pivots should be made small for easy motion. The hammers are intended to beat upon the middle of each brass table simultaneously with the drop proper of the escape-wheel: through the agency of the pendulum, they are lifted alternately by the heels of the anchors of the pallets, assisted by a passing spring similar to that used in the chronometer escapement. It has just been observed, that the arbors which support those little hammers are placed at the same elevation from the base of the brass frame-work of the clock as the escape-wheel arbor, but at the sides, and as near to the edge as possible. About the centre, or midway between them, are affixed brass collets, about 1-8 of an inch in thickness, and 1-4 of an inch in diameter. Two slender pieces of spring are secured to the collets by screws passing through square holes formed longitudinally, to secure power of adjustment for bringing the arms into proper contact with the anchor of the pallets. The little hammers beat upon the plates or tables at one end, and at the other the lifting action takes place, assisted by the passing spring. The strokes upon these brass tables have a peculiar sharpness of tone, which can be accounted for in some measure, when it is considered that they are very different from the sounds produced by the teeth of the wheel itself; in the dead-beat escapement the teeth have a sliding motion in the moment of drop, but not impulse, for it is well known that that is subsequent to the sound. By such application it is proposed to obtain sound, so loud as to

be distinct in the stormiest night; but as the constant connexion of such apparatus would neither be desirable as concerns the action of the clock, nor pleasant to the ear as a companion, a mode has been introduced of readily detaching it altogether. By a certain method, which shall be explained, the hammers are raised from the tables at one end, and the arms at the other entirely disengaged from the anchor at the pallets, without inconvenience or disturbing action to the clock itself. The apparatus within is immediately, and at pleasure, acted upon through the agency of a bolt, which is placed vertically, immediately over the 60 minutes, or about two inches back, sufficiently long to reach a spring of hard brass, which is about half an inch wide, and which passes transversely over the frame-work of the clock, and is fixed securely to the backboard of the clock-case. Now the mode in which the spring unites its action with the rest of the apparatus is by slight cross-bars, which extend to the extremities of the sides of the frame, so that the ends are immediately over the hammers, with which they are connected by silk threads. Therefore, by pressing down the bolt before named, the hammers are allowed to fall into action, and do their duty simultaneously with the teeth of the wheel upon the pallets. While the little hammers are in action, the teeth of the wheel are no longer heard.

The Astronomer Royal declares by letter, that he has examined the plan, and is enabled to say that it answers completely for its proposed purpose; and that it appears likely to be very useful. Moreover, that the rate of the clock will not necessarily be disturbed during the time of its connexion—though that will greatly depend on certain conditions.—*Athenæum*.

**MICROSCOPE IN GEOLOGICAL RESEARCH.**—'On the application of the Microscope to Geological Research,' by Dr. Carpenter, F. R. S. Dr. Carpenter pointed out how much the progress of science depends upon the perfection of the instruments employed in the observation of its phenomena; and that even to geology, whose facts are for the most part obvious to the unassisted senses, the achromatic microscope has afforded, of late years, the most efficient aid. He noticed the researches of Messrs. Witham, Nicol, and others, on the structure of fossil woods, and the light which these had thrown on the origin of coal. The investigations of Prof. Owen on the structure of teeth were next glanced at, and illustrations of their application to the determination of fossils were given. The identification of the Labyrinthodon as the gigantic Batrachian, whose footsteps are preserved to us in the sandstone of the Stourton quarries, was noticed as one of the most interesting results of this kind of investigation; and a sketch was given of the train of reasoning by which Prof. Owen has established the true character and habits of the Megatheroid quadrupeds. Dr. Carpenter then gave a summary of the researches, on which he has been himself engaged, on the structure of the shells of the Mollusca, Crustacea, and Echinodermata. With the aid of highly-magnified delineations, he explained the cellular organization of the shells of Pinna, and other allied genera belonging to the family Margaritacæ, by which the fossil forms of that group are at once distinguished (even by the examination of the minutest fragment) from all



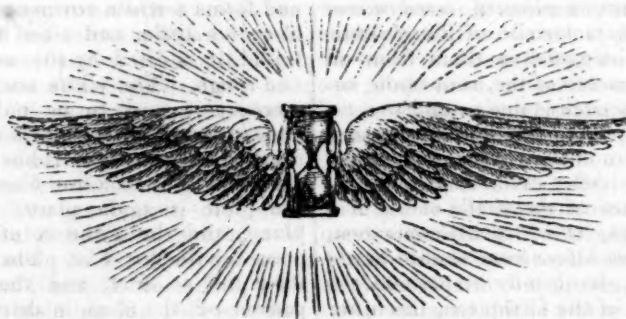
others;—the very curious *plicated membranous* structure, which is characteristic of *Terebratula* and its allies, and distinguishes them from all others;—the true character of the lines upon *nacre*, to which its iridescence is due;—and the *tubular* structure, analogous to the dentine or ivory teeth, which is found in certain other genera, and is distinctive of them. After describing the peculiar *cancellated* structure of the shells of the *Rudistes*, and stating that, by his microscopic test, the perplexing *Cardium hibernicum* should be referred to that group, he briefly explained the structure of the shells of the *Crustacea*, the inner portion of which is tubular, and strongly resembles dentine, whilst its surface (beneath the horny structureless epidermis) is covered with a layer of cells, in which the coloring-matter is deposited; and gave a brief account of the structure of the shells, spines, &c. of the *Echinodermata*, pointing out the difference of pattern between the stems of different species of *Pentacrinus*, which rendered the microscope a very easy means of distinguishing them. The lecture concluded with a notice of the researches of Ehrenberg on Fossil Animalcules; of which the *siliceous* remains form a large proportion of the chalk-marls of Southern Europe, besides abounding in other deposits; whilst the *calcareous* species make up a great portion of the chalk itself in many localities. Of these species, whose minuteness is almost inconceivable, many of those now living appear to be identical with those which existed at the early part of the tertiary epoch.—*Athenæum*.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—M. Blondeau de Carolles gave an account of an experiment at which he was present, and in which he saw the sugar of the cane transform itself into acetic acid, under the influence of caseum, without change of volume either by loss or absorption.—M. Cochaux, civil engineer, presented to the Academy a large and well-executed model of a drag-machine, which, having been long and successfully used in foreign countries, he recommends for adoption in France, for the harbors, rivers, and canals. The machine differs from those in ordinary use by the judicious combination of all its parts and the comparative ease and rapidity with which it acts. A communication was made by M. Daguerre, relative to some improvements in the Daguerreotype process, chiefly for the purpose of taking portraits, the ordinary mode of preparing the plates not being found sufficient to enable the operator to obtain good impressions. The improvement made by M. Daguerre requires a rather complicated process, but it is a very regular one, and has one decided advantage, for the artist is now enabled to have a good stock of plates on hand, as the new preparation will remain for a very long time in a perfectly fit state for use. The new substances of which M. Daguerre makes use are an aqueous solution of bi-chlorure of mercury, an aqueous solution of cyanure of mercury, oil of white petroleum, acidulated with nitric acid, and a solution of platina and chlorure of gold. The process is as follows:—the plate is polished with sublimate and tripoli, and then red oxide of iron, until a fine black be obtained; it is now placed in the horizontal plane, and the solution of cyanure previously made hot by the lamp is poured over it. The mercury deposits itself,

and forms a white covering. The plate is allowed to cool a little, and after having poured off the liquid, it is dried by the usual process of cotton and rouge. The white coating deposited by the mercury is now to be polished. With a ball (*tumpon*) of cotton and saturated with oil and rouge, this coating is rubbed just sufficiently for the plate to be of a fine black. This being done, the plate is again placed upon the horizontal plane, and the solution of gold and platina is poured over it. The plate is to be heated, and then left to cool, and the liquid having been poured off, the plate is dried by means of cotton and rouge. In doing this, care must be had that the plate be merely dried, not polished. On this metallic varnish, M. Daguerre has succeeded in taking some very fine impressions of the human figure, which were exhibited.—*Athenæum*.

METHOD OF INCREASING ELECTROMOTIVE FORCE.—In No. 538 of the Institute is a paper by Mr. Poggendorf, in which he proposes a method of increasing the electromotive force of a voltaic pair, or which in the old phraseology would be termed a method of converting the quantitative effects into those of intensity. He ranges a certain number of pairs of platinum electrodes, so that one half are united with the zinc, and the other with the platinum of a Grove's battery. He then, by an arrangement which he does not particularly describe, detaches them from the battery, and unites them in series; they thus form a secondary pile, whereby the intensity of the reacting currents arising from the polarization is increased, with reference to that of a single pair, as the sum of the pairs of electrodes employed. We believe analogous experiments have been made in England soon after the publication of Mr. Grove's gas-battery, by Mr. Grove and others; in which, for convenience of charging, a number of cells were united in a quantitative arrangement to a small battery, and then detached and arranged in series. The point offers no economy of material, as the same amount of zinc is consumed by this method of producing intensity as would be if an ordinary battery of the like intensity were arranged and charged in the ordinary way; but it may, in certain cases, add to convenience of manipulation.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ORIENTAL MSS.—A letter from Mr. N. Bland was read before the Royal Asiatic Society, on the subject of a valuable collection of Oriental Mss. in the library of Eton College, which appears almost entirely to have escaped the notice of Orientalists. This collection was presented to the College above fifty years ago, by Mr. E. Pote, who had been a scholar on the foundation, and who afterwards went to India. It reached England in 1790, together with another collection, of equal value, which was presented by the same gentleman to King's College library, Cambridge, where his education was completed. The Eton collection is rich in historical and lexicographical works, both Persian and Arabic; and contains also many writings on the jurisprudence, theology, traditions, and ecclesiastical history of the Mohammedans, and a few poems. The whole number of volumes is above 200, and altogether constitutes a very valuable Oriental library.—*Lit. Gaz.*



## OBITUARY.

**DON AUGUSTIN ARGUELLES.**—March 23. Aged 68, Don Augustin Arguelles.

This most eminent personage of the Spanish Revolution was born in the Asturias in 1775, the younger son of a noble family. He was educated in the university of Oviedo, and proceeded to practise in the provincial court: but, finding this sphere too narrow, he betook himself to Madrid. Too young for legal functions, he became employed in the secretary's office for the interpretation of foreign languages, from which post he was taken and sent on a mission to Lisbon. He afterwards went to London on a diplomatic mission of a similar nature.

He was at Cadiz on the French invasion in 1808, and was appointed member of the first Cortes; and he was unanimously selected as the person to draw up the Constitution. This document, with his report preceding it, are both too famous to need being characterized. He was rewarded, like other patriots in 1814, by a condemnation to the galleys at Ceuta. The tribunal indeed refused to sentence him, but Ferdinand VII. volunteered to inscribe the sentence with his own hand. During six years the illustrious Arguelles partook of the labor of the galley-slave. When a statue is erected by his countrymen to their greatest name, the fetters of Arguelles will prove the fittest decoration.

The revolution of 1820 liberated Arguelles, and opened a scene for his eloquence. He became Home Minister, and, as such, took that position which he ever since maintained, of a moderate and practical statesman of the thoroughly liberal or *Exaltado* party. But the French Bourbons stepped in to crush those liberties which the Spanish Bourbons were not alone able to stifle; and Arguelles became an exile in England. The death of Ferdinand again opened to him a return to his country, and the voice of Arguelles was once more heard in his native Cortes. Age and events had now still more tempered his youthful ardor: and though a stern opponent of Zea's *despotismo ilustrado*, as well as of Toreno's aping of and leaning upon France, the views of Arguelles were as far removed from wild republicanism as from the servile and impracticable aim of setting up a constitution in the likeness of absolutism.

His principles and party prevailed, attained power, enforced its views of internal government in the constitution of 1837, and persevered in those efforts which finally expelled Don Carlos and his party from Spain. But it is seldom that the party which conquers and establishes freedom is allowed to profit by it. The minority of the

Queen gave insecurity to the head of the government, and the Queen-mother, who had adopted a line of government not liberal enough to please the citizen class, though too liberal to suit the Legitimists, fell from want of any support in any class or party. The Liberals triumphed, and, in want of better, chose Espartero to be Regent.

His elevation displeased the more ambitious and younger men of the Liberal party, who were anxious for a regency of three, and for thereby leaving open many avenues to ambition. Arguelles was one of those who opposed this repetition of the French triple Consulate. When the Duke of Victory became Regent, the care of the young Queen's person and education was entrusted to Arguelles, who dismissed the mere courtier tribe, and endeavored to accustom the infant ear of Royalty to some other language than the whispers of flattery and intrigue. These arrangements, more than all else, offended the court of the Tuileries, and the overthrow of Arguelles and Espartero became the great aim and effort of that court and its agents. Nearly three years were taken to effect it. An attempt to carry the palace by a *coup de main*, under the patronage of the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, Pageot, failed. Slower modes of operation were adopted. More than a score journals were founded by the French in Madrid and in the provinces, all uttering the most nefarious calumnies against England and the Regent. French emissaries circulated them in every garrison town, and insinuated themselves into every officer's mess. The republican party at Barcelona and elsewhere were taken into pay; the political rivals of the Regent were cajoled, and won over in Paris and in Madrid; and, when all was ripe for execution, the batteries were unmasked. Barcelona again rose in insurrection. Committees were formed at Perpignan and Bayonne. Money in great abundance was forwarded from Paris, whilst the funds which the Regent expected from bankers there were cut off. In short, the conspiracy succeeded. The Duke of Victory was driven from the kingdom, and Arguelles, appointed tutor by a decree of the Cortes, was deprived of his office by the simple order of General Narvaez. In the few months which have since elapsed Arguelles lived retired; he saw the interment of the constitution by Narvaez; and might say, with Grattan, he had watched over the cradle of his country's liberties, and had followed them to the grave.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The funeral of Arguelles took place at Madrid on the 25th of March. The multitudes that assembled and accompanied his remains in solemn



procession to the tomb, have no parallel in the annals of that capital. It was an almost universal tribute to the memory of a man whose name had never been sullied with intrigues for place, power, or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero, he was entitled to above 14,000*l.* a year. Of this he would only accept the tenth part, and at his death just 22 dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the Government for 7,000 dollars. All that the *Heraldo* could find as matter of reproach against Arguelles was, that, being a bachelor, he was unfit to exercise a fatherly care over the royal orphans; and, further, that he had no merit in refusing nine-tenths of his salary, 'for he cleaned his own boots and had no wants.' Would that Spain had left a few more honest shoe-blacks, to put to the blush the hordes of adventurers, political and military, who degrade her in the eyes of Europe! As the Queen-Mother was making her triumphal entry into the capital, a partisan rode up to her carriage with the 'joyful news—the happy coincidence—the hand of Providence displayed in the death of her enemy, Arguelles.' 'Hush!' said Maria Christina, 'do not let the children hear it, for they loved him!'—*Gent's Mag.*

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

## Great Britain.

*Catherwood's Views in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* Large folio.

THE frontispiece executed by Owen Jones in "chromolith," and the rest on stone by several efficient hands, these views of the ancient monuments in Central America remind us of the beauty and splendor of Lord Kingsborough's *Mexico*, or Vyse's *Egypt*. They are the fruits of Mr. Catherwood's two expeditions into the country, the majority of them belonging to his second journey, in 1841. Referring to Stephens, Prescott, and other authors, for general information relative to these extraordinary remains, the artist gives a particular description of each plate. All bears out the fact of an early civilization, and a splendor which could only spring up amongst a powerful people. We may take to the *Literary Gazette* the merit of having first brought this interesting subject into European notice, by publishing the correspondence of Colonel Galindo, describing the ruins of Copan and Palinque in Chiapas, many years ago; and we were glad to find that Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood had taken their cue from him, and opened their campaign on the field he pointed out. Their course of exploration further embraced Quirigua, Uxmal, and other immense remains: which are figured with truly artistic skill and ability both in their broader features and their remarkable details. Pyramids, idols, palaces, courts, fragments, ornaments, doorways, arches, mighty temples, wells, castles, &c. &c., all admirably displayed, fill the space of this splendid work; to which a clear useful map, marking out their sites, is a valuable addition and key. Turning the first leaves, the tinted pictures of the great idol at Copan, with

the surrounding scenery, are beautiful pieces of art, as worthy the praise of the amateur in painting as of the antiquary. The general view of Palinque is also a most artistical performance, and gives a perfect idea of the country. Los Monjas at Uxmal\* is another superb panorama, but more architectural. But where every example is either so rich, characteristic, picturesque, or singular, it is vain to speak of them separately. It is by the eye only that the excellence and value of Mr. Catherwood's labors can be appreciated; and we shall only repeat, that they make us intimately acquainted with the antiquities, present appearance, scenery, and native habits and looks, in Central America.—*Lit. Gaz.*

*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Now first published from the Original MSS. Volumes III and IV. Bentley.*

The letters in these concluding volumes of the series commence in 1776, when WALPOLE was about sixty, and beginning to talk of old age, and end in 1786, the year of Sir HORACE MANN's death. The Bentleian edition of WALPOLE is rendered more complete by various addenda: some epistles to GEORGE SELWYN from the late publication of the *Selwyn Correspondence*; a few miscellaneous letters; a paper of suggestions to the Duke of GLOUCESTER, (who had offended GEORGE the Third by marrying WALPOLE's niece,) pointing out the best course to be pursued in appealing to Parliament for an income and protection without further offence to the King; a memoir by WALPOLE touching his sinecures, written at a time when the financial distress of the American War induced a call for their abolition; an autobiography, to 1779, under the title of "Short Notes of my Life," confined to mere facts, and principally about his writings; together with WALPOLE's own description of Strawberry Hill and its curiosities.

The time of these letters embraces great political events: the full-blown corruption and misgovernment of India, on which WALPOLE falls into the common cry; the middle and close of the American War; the first appearance of the younger PITT, both as orator and statesman; the coalition of Fox and North, with its downfall and the destruction of the family Whig oligarchy. The leading incidents of these topics are touched upon in the volumes before us, and at varying lengths; but more in the character of observer than actor. At an earlier period of life WALPOLE mingled in the world of politics, and his accounts had the narrative air which is derived from first-hand knowledge. More confined to the house by gout and advancing years, and dependent upon the information of others, his present notice of events has rather the character of a commentary, and of a commentator not uninfected by the "lauditor temporis acti."—*Spectator.*

\* Plate XV. here is one of the most striking illustrations of the natives. They are delightfully grouped in this drawing; but still more so in Plates XVIII., XIX., and XX., the wonderful Well of Bolouchen.—*Ed. L. G.*

*North British Review*, No. 1. A new Quarterly Review. Edinburgh, Kennedy; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It may seem like a contradiction, but it is nevertheless a truth, that mere authorship, however excellent, will not suffice for a literary periodical. Its first purpose is to supply a want or create a desire; and this purpose does not seem to be attainable in practice by men of letters and nothing else. BYRON, BULWER, CAMPBELL, and MOORE, have failed egregiously, and others of lesser note in the present and former times have not succeeded particularly well. On the other hand, the most successful periodicals have been planned and produced by men whose first or only vocation was not letters. CAVE started the original *Monthly*, the *Gentlemen's Magazine*; GRIFFITH projected the *Monthly Review*, PHILLIPS the *New Monthly Magazine*; BLACKWOOD the work which bears his name; JEFFREY, BROUGHAM, and SYDNEY SMITH, two lawyers and a divine, established the *Edinburgh*; the *Quarterly*, though urged by SCOTT out of soreness for JEFFREY's criticisms, was published as the organ of a party, to be supported by their ablest official men. Even the *Westminster*, though inferior both in ability and influence to the two great organs of Whigs and Tories, was intended as a channel for the circulation of certain views in politics and philosophy, and received its color from minds deeply imbued with the opinions it advocated, (though they might be assisted by mere literary men,) and whose main object was to give utterance to a full mind.

From this impulsive character arises much of the originality of influential and very successful periodicals. No matter whether it be an observing caterer for the public supplying avowed or latent longings, or men impressed with new principles to which they are impelled to give utterance: in either case vitality and novelty of spirit are the consequence; and they guide and stimulate their more professional collaborators. In many cases this living and social character impresses novelty upon the style and form of their publications. The original *Monthly Magazine*, the original *Monthly Review*, and the original *Quarterly Review*, were all new in form as well as substance: even their style of typography and getting-up was novel. Some of the *Magazines* and *Reviews* of the last century, as well as the *Quarterly*, were imitations of periodicals existing, so far as form was concerned; but they appeared for the most part as opponents in principles as well as rivals in trade.

Something of this is visible in the *North British Review*. Having a theological object in opposing Puseyism, with a general design of infusing a religious tone into literature and politics, it has so far a living principle; but the general form is imitative or common. There is a good enough selection of topics so far as variety is concerned; they are handled with good although not striking ability: but they have no distinctive marks, except an occasional want of cultivated skill in some of them. Beyond this peculiarity, which is not an advantage, the papers might be placed in any periodical without attracting particular attention unless for an occasional religious strain.—*Ibid.*

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